PRESIDENTIAL WARS **FRANCIS D. WORMUTH**

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BOMBING THE DIKES

A Geographer's On-the-Site Analysis of a Deliberate, Sophisticated, Skillfully Conducted Exercise in Genocide

YVES LACOSTE

California Heats Up

FORTUNE SWINGS ON THE PROPOSITIONS

Mary Ellen Leary

'Everyone Wants a Volvo!'

FINLAND'S SUMMER OF DISCONTENT

Desmond Smith

Hugh MacDiarmid's 'Lucky Poet'

George Woodcock

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LETTERS

welfare for the rich

Eugene, Ore.

DEAR SIRS: *I'll vote against George McGovern because of his guaranteed income proposal. I still believe this is a land of opportunity and I'm against welfare.* So stated a Mr. Richard Cain in the Sept. 3rd *Oregonian*, Portland.

If the Richard Cains of this land of opportunity are so opposed to welfare why do they support an Administration that bestows billions of dollars of welfare upon people who really don't need it? I refer to such items as the $250 million "loan" subsidy to Lockheed. I refer to 500 large farmers in California's Imperial Valley who received $12 million in farm payments last year. I refer to a recent Nixon-inspired Federal Power Commission ruling that allows the Tennessee Pipeline Company to shift costs of an unsuccessful project from the stockholders to the customers. I refer to a tax system which permitted one oil company to pay 1.2 per cent in federal taxes on nearly $1 billion in net income. . . . I could go on and on ad nauseam.

Every time a segment of the private sector of the economy receives money in the form of a federal subsidy, that is welfare. Every time a taxpayer avoids his fair share of federal taxes, that is welfare. . . . The Richard Cains would like to believe they are independent of the economic conditions which result from the activities of industry and government. It is difficult for them to understand that they carry both the rich and the poor on their backs. . . . As a friend of mine recently put it, "There is nothing so pathetic as a poor Republican defending the system that is exploiting the hell out of him." *James E. Larson*

end of a ride

Delaware, Ohio

DEAR SIRS: Your article by Richard Hébert ["Amtrak: Asleep at the Switch," Aug. 1] and the letters on the article in your September 18th issue prompt me to write to you.

We used Amtrak in August of this year to travel from Columbus, Ohio to Washington, D.C. and back again. . . . At times, we were not quite sure if we were on a train or, by some mistake, had boarded a roller coaster. . . . We can attest to the fact that Amtrak has a long way to go before it can compare favorably with even the most primitive European trains. As we wrote Amtrak, we do not consider using its services again in the foreseeable future, but rather plan to spend our vacations in Europe where train, bus and ship travel is convenient, clean and dependable. We have made our views known to our Senators, William Saxbe and Robert Taft. . . .

It may also be of interest that the official who responded to our letter seemed addicted to military metaphors. He felt "encouraged" that, like the U.S. Army, they were going "to give it a real battle," and were going to win. What troubles us is the thought: will this battle be won like the war on poverty, the war on crime, the war on inflation? Can Amtrak see the light in the tunnel? *H. Muladore*

cost of justice

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: An outrageous injustice is being done to a young black GI named Billy Dean Smith. . . . Lieut. William Calley, a *white officer*, was convicted of a most heinous crime by a jury of his peers—the murder of twenty-two old men, women and children. After conviction, Calley was provided a well-furnished four-room apartment, with unlimited visitation and other privileges. He confidently and most comfortably awaits Nixon's help; either a great reduction in sentence or perhaps Executive pardon. . . . Billy Smith, a *black private*, has been in solitary confinement under armed guard for fifteen months, charged but not convicted of the

(*Continued on page 308*)

EDITORIALS

CAMPAIGN '72

Into the Stretch

As the campaign enters its final phase, the familiar debate about polls is commanding more attention than the issues in the media. More polls are being conducted than in 1968 or 1970 and the debate about what they mean is more intense than it was in either of those years. At times one is moved to believe that polls and pollsters have superseded elections and candidates. Most of the debate centers on the accuracy and meaning of the polls. Their effect receives much less attention although it is—or should be—of even greater concern.

A variety of technical objections can be raised to the current polls, in particular the recent Yankelovich survey which gives Nixon a 62 to 23 per cent lead. This phase of the debate is for experts, although it is clear that in many instances sampling methods and the phrasing of questions can be criticized. Of greater importance is the obvious, but largely ignored, fact that national polls are essentially irrelevant or misleading. We do not have a system of national elections, in the sense, for example, that national elections are held in Great Britain. The federal government does not organize the election nor do the voters cast "national" ballots. Elections are conducted in the fifty states under the auspices of their state governments.

Don Muchmore, the California polling expert, has been trying to make this point for years, but neither his colleagues nor their clients—nor for that matter the media and the public—seem to be listening. The other day he explained to me why, in his view, national polls can be wide of the mark. To cite an obvious point: electoral votes do not necessarily correlate with the popular vote. In addition, the vote for President and Vice President may be influenced by local political considerations and issues of special interest in a particular state. Mary Ellen Leary's perceptive report in this issue (p. 294) illustrates the point. Then, too, campaigns vary enormously in effectiveness from state to state and from city to city. In one state a strong campaign may be waged for a ticket, whereas in a neighboring state the campaign may be miserably directed. For this reason alone, polls of the Yankelovich variety should not be taken at face value.

And there are still other considerations. As a result of recent polls, Nixon appears to be a shoo-in. One effect is to make it difficult for McGovern to raise funds. But, paradoxically, reverse effects often result when a candidate is presented by the media as the odds-on favorite. It can result in a low vote among his special constituencies. More important, it can mislead the pollsters. Muchmore put it to me this way: if voters get the feeling that A is certain to win, while B is limping along and is or seems to be a "shaky" candidate (his word), some of them will hesitate to say that they intend to vote for B, although that may be their secret intention. It is easier to appear to go along with what seems to be the majority. In addition, there is evidence that many voters resent

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the polls, and that some take a perverse pleasure in misleading the pollsters.

The current polls are subject to discount for still another obvious but ignored consideration. Nixon is not liked; he is not a popular leader. His support, as the polls show, is "thin" and hence could be easily shaken by some combination of untoward events between now and November 7. The polls, by giving him such a large lead, make it appear that the people love him, which is not the case even among those who intend to vote for him. This false "popularity" could boomerang. It is one thing to vote for a candidate for pragmatic reasons or merely because he is the incumbent; but voters do not like to be told that they are "wild about Dick" when in fact they can scarcely stomach him.

It is possible, also, that by concentrating on the large industrial states with big blocks of electoral votes, McGovern might be elected even though he came out second in the popular vote. The polls gave Nixon a wide margin in some small states in 1968 and he carried them by even larger margins; but four states in which this happened yielded him only sixteen electoral votes. It should be evident that his lead in the polls is swollen by margins of preference in Southern states and in states with relatively small electoral votes. For all these reasons the "poll effect" is uncertain.

* * *

But if McGovern is to make the most of the limited time that remains, his campaign needs a more unified direction and a sharper focus than it has yet enjoyed. Reports indicate that, in terms of field organization, his staff is as good as it has been touted to be. It knows how to conduct registration drives; how to turn out crowds; how to build local "volunteer" organizations—which, in many instances, are the best variety. But the same cannot be said of his strategic command. Here McGovern conveys an impression of being pulled in three or four different directions on some issues. Only he can correct this situation. Above all, the strategy must be to assail Nixon and the record of his Administration. That the Administration is extremely vulnerable is best proven by the savagery with which the President, through surrogates, attempts to demolish critics who touch a sensitive nerve. The Nixon strategy is to keep McGovern on the defensive by stressing such "non-issues" as amnesty, abortion, busing—a flare-up on this last issue is to be anticipated in the Congress between now and November 7—and pot. But as Sen. Edward Kennedy will explain to *Nation* readers in an early issue, there are at least twenty-five good reasons why Nixon should be defeated. McGovern must identify these vulnerabilities and then pounce on them with the energy that, fitfully, he has shown he commands.

Of these vulnerabilities the most important is the character of Richard M. Nixon, the easiest man to dislike and distrust who has occupied the White House in living memory. Apologists say, yes, he is tricky, opportunistic, conniving, etc., but so was FDR. Perhaps, but with this difference: Roosevelt had a remarkable capacity to lead: he knew how to appeal to the best instincts of the people. Even Nixon apologists are often appalled by the debased

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THE NATION

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quality of his leadership. He can make decisions but he cannot rally public support for them. Because Roosevelt had some values which he cherished, he could communicate with people; Nixon cannot communicate with people because he has no basic values—and he knows it—and also because he distrusts popular judgment.

Stewart Alsop, who is no critic of Nixon, concedes that the Watergate affair is "a snake that badly needs to be scotched—it is as nasty a business as Washington has seen for a long time" (*Newsweek,* October 2). But the snake is not likely to be scotched. For one reason, four years of the Nixon Administration have spread cynicism, encouraged selfishness, besmirched idealism and downgraded the truth to a degree that makes Watergate seem merely more of the same. Joseph Kraft pointed out in a recent column that the President and the men around him consistently "obscure moral issues. They reply forthrightly to charges not made. When it happens to them to tell the truth, the truth they tell is not the whole truth." This behavior baffles Kraft. "I really don't understand the constant disposition to hedge the truth, to be disingenuous, to con people. What I do understand is that the public morality has been debased. There is something dirty about Washington these days, and while I don't suppose Nixon is entirely to blame, neither do I see how he can be altogether divorced from responsibility."

Precisely because there is "something dirty about Washington these days," Nixon is the ultimate issue in the campaign. True, there are many other good reasons why he should be defeated but, above all, and finally, he should be defeated because he has sold us out; he has debased our moral currency more than he has cut the value of the dollar.

"Is anyone listening?" asks Anthony Lewis in a plaintive column in *The New York Times*: "How many reckon the moral cost that will have to be paid for the violence in Vietnam?" Well, we shall have an answer of sorts on November 7. But in the meantime, one may well feel, as I do, that more American voters are listening than the polls indicate. CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Politicalizing the FBI

No matter how much one tries to anticipate the political cunning of Richard M. Nixon, he always comes up with hitherto unsuspected angles and maneuvers. Consider the appointment of L. Patrick Gray III as acting head of the FBI after the death of J. Edgar Hoover. It might have seemed that Hoover was as bad as they come and in some ways he was. As a right-wing "anti-Communist" demagogue he was without a peer. However, his influence and style of administration impartially favored the conservative-reactionary elements in the Democratic and Republican Parties alike. He played no favorites in his cries of alarm against the Red menace.

When Gray was designated as Hoover's successor, it sounded a bit odd. He must have had a mother and father, relatives and friends, but who else had ever heard of him? Further research uncovered his service in the Navy, so he must have had comrades-in-arms. But there was little else to account for his elevation to high office.

But then, tucked away in the stories, was the information that Gray had long been an active political supporter of the President. Mr. Nixon has done most of his campaigning through a phalanx of surrogates and, with an election coming up, what could have been more natural (for Nixon) than to add to his vocal supporters such a prominent figure as the director of the FBI? At the time this idea could not have been offered as more than a perhaps unjust surmise, but events proved it true.

On September 8, Fred P. Graham reported in *The New York Times* that Gray had been making a series of political speeches, and that these sedulously echoed the Nixon line on a variety of topics, which did not necessarily relate to the policies or activities of the FBI. For instance, he opined in a speech on September 7 that the federal government was not spending too much on national defense, so-called, as compared with domestic programs. And when he did speak on Justice matters, one of his contentions proved to be that many court decisions "go to unreasonable lengths to protect the accused." Perhaps so, but Gray cited the Supreme Court's "exclusionary rule," which bars evidence obtained by the police in violation of the Fourth Amendment prohibition against unreasonable searches and seizures. The Court is to consider this issue in its coming term, but that did not stop Gray from commenting.

There is more to it than speeches. The FBI was assigned to investigate the Watergate scandal, and now it is busy on the smelly situation involving who knew what, and who got what, in the Soviet wheat purchases. When government officials leave to take jobs with an industry or company beneficially affected by actions in which they have participated or may have had advance notice, inquiry should be incisive and rigorous, and with a political appointee like Gray heading the FBI there may be some doubt that it will be.

Gray has been adept at creating a faint image of "newness" and an intent to liberalize the FBI, as by letting an agent sport a properly trimmed mustache, wear colored shirts, and let his hair grow a bit longer; but these matters will scarcely affect the governance of the United States. In a more serious situation, involving Wesley G. Grapp, since 1964 head of the Bureau's 500-agent Los Angeles office, Gray's decision has been similarly permissive. On a salary that never exceeded $36,000 a year, Grapp amassed assets of about $360,000 and involved himself in loans of more than $250,000 from five California lending institutions, one of which was teetering on the edge of bankruptcy before it was merged with a more solvent institution. Grapp was allowed to retire.

Hoover is entitled to his eternal rest, but we can think of more suitable successors than L. Patrick Gray III.

What the Muggings Mean

Dr. Wolfgang G. Friedmann was a distinguished authority on international law, a professor at Columbia University, loved and respected by faculty and students alike. As a young man, he had fought Hitler's gangsters and escaped from Germany with his life. A few days ago, on a broad avenue three blocks from the university, in midafternoon, he was stabbed to death by three young men. He had given up his wallet but fought when they

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tried to take his wrist watch, so they killed him. Three youths, two aged 16, one 22, have been taken into custody.

So the nation is deprived of a leading scholar, a man of courage and conviction—incidentally one of the fifteen American legal authorities who put together the "Memorandum of Law" that the Lawyers' Committee on the War in Vietnam circulated in the fall of 1965 in an attempt to halt escalation of the conflict. The social tragedy of such crimes is no less disturbing. Mugging—armed robbery in the streets—is the most feared of crimes. Not the most important, but the one that spreads a contagion of fear. It is what people mean when they inveigh against "crime in the streets." It carries heavy undertones of racism and reaction, and has added in large measure to the afflictions of the cities.

It is widely believed that mugging is part of the war of the criminal elements of the ghettos against the prosperous, but that is only one aspect. Actually, muggers prey extensively on the poor in their own neighborhoods—they are not interested in class warfare. That drug addiction has greatly complicated the problems of robbery and burglary is undeniable. It is equally obvious that if there were no slums there would be fewer crimes against persons and property, but if progress is being made in the eradication of urban (and rural) slums, it is not visible.

On the contrary, what are well under way are strategies by the wealthy and well-to-do to protect themselves, and the devil take the hindmost. It is the modern equivalent of the moated castle and takes two forms—the ostensibly mugger-proof suburb, and the high-rise, self-contained city building whose tenants need never leave its confines, except perhaps with a bodyguard, and where no one can enter to menace them.

Newsweek (September 25) describes some of these fortresses. "On the outskirts of a score or more of the U.S.'s fastest growing cities," we are told, "huge security-oriented subdivisions are springing up, some with all the characteristics of a Biblical walled city." But these communities, held together by fear, differ from their ancient prototypes in that they employ the resources of modern technology—computers, closed-circuit TV and other electronic devices; locks with combinations instead of keys; floodlighting, etc. Since mugging appears to be a specialty of black criminals, as white-collar crime is of Caucasians, blacks are particularly singled out for exclusion, but protection is not the only ground. "Blacks are getting closer to our community in the city all the time," a businessman told *Newsweek*. "So I will be joining the crowd that's fleeing Atlanta. I'll stay with the group I get along with. That's who I'm going to live with, and I want to be sure to keep the others out." He would be keeping them out even if they were as law-abiding as he considers himself to be.

The social tragedy is that divisions within the society are widened by such measures and attitudes. The effect is to insulate the prosperous from the poor and discontented, but it is fantasy to believe that meaningful security can thus be achieved; on the contrary, apprehensions and fears proliferate.

The effect is to fragment society and to advertise its internal differences and tensions. These could be reconciled, of course, but at a price the rich are not prepared to pay. Since the collapse of the civil rights movement—specifically since the riots of 1967 and the assassination of Dr. King—nothing has happened to give slum dwellers any substantial reason for believing that relief or redress is in sight. Hence, as one result, the continuing aggravation of the drug problem and a kind of cold war between the haves and have-nots. A day after Professor Friedmann died, Selwyn Brody, a psychiatrist, was knifed on East 125th Street; a week later, Herman B. Glaser, director of the New York Academy of Trial Lawyers, was beaten and robbed in the same area. Nor is New York the only American city to which the label "jungle" is now easily applied. And, of course, the President does nothing to provide national leadership in this crisis. To be sure, he inveighs against "permissive" judges, but for him "crime in the streets" is more an issue to run upon than a problem to be diagnosed and cured.

Nixon: The Only Issue

The McGovern campaign is an uphill struggle; that is to state the obvious. But some equally obvious things are being ignored by the Democratic candidate and his aides. Richard Nixon's hold on the loyalties of those hordes of white Americans who see in him a defender is based primarily on their paranoid fear and hatred of America's blacks. That so many feel threatened by so few is one more evidence of the infinite irrationality of the species. But that irrationality is the point from which McGovern must start before it is too late.

It is sad, but true, that the vast silent majority vote, even now being groomed for Spiro Agnew, does not care a whit about the bombing of dikes in North Vietnam (Bill Buckley has spoken for them: Why weren't the dikes bombed earlier?); does not give a curse about Nixon's cold-war diplomacy (Bill Buckley does not share their sentiments here); is only mildly exercised about inflation (and indeed may see it as the source of its real material prosperity) and couldn't care less about who bugged Watergate and why.

What scares the white hordes pantsless is the jungle bunny, to use a homogenized epithet. And Nixon's real harm to the country, present and potential, is what really disturbs a host of thinking people who are not at all excited by McGovern himself. Nixon's return to the White House must be frustrated to prevent the total perversion of the federal judiciary, the utter demoralization of the executive departments and the increased sycophantization of the Congress.

There is a slim chance that this can be done if Nixon can be presented as the amoral conniver he is, possessed of no concern at all for the fate or fears of the silent majority but willing to wear the mask of savior because, while it costs him nothing, it gives him everything. If McGovern and his aides can understand this and can succeed in conveying the message to the American people, it is just possible that self-interest (not the much-vaunted "basic decency") of Middle America will be touched sufficiently to serve its real interests instead of its prejudices.

How can McGovern do it? By ignoring the appeal of *The New York Times*, which is not read by Middle America, to discuss the "issues"—and by discussing the

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real and only issue, Richard Nixon. By discussing it loudly, fully, with all the facts and figures. Nixon's lies versus the truth. The point may carry. It is the only one with a chance of doing so.

RICHARD A. LONG, Atlanta University

Again No Peace Prize

For the nineteenth time since the Nobel Peace Prize was first awarded in 1901, no award will be made this year. It is assumed in Oslo that the committee was unable to find a worthy candidate.

It may be that no candidate of worldwide status could be found this year—that is, no person whose activities for peace had attracted international attention. Even so some excellent candidates were available. In our issue of September 11, Jeannette Rankin was named as a possibility; she would have merited the award, though it is true that her services on behalf of peace are not as well known throughout the world as they should be. At about the time when word came over the wire that no Nobel award would be made this year, that most remarkable American, Ernest Gruening, our editorial associate and former editor, phoned to report that he had recovered from two major operations, was having dinner that evening with Senator McGovern, and was resuming his strenuous campaign speaking schedule. Gruening would be high on *The Nation's* list of nominees for the Nobel Peace Prize. He and Wayne Morse initiated the political opposition to the war in Vietnam when they were in the Senate. It does not detract from the record of McGovern, McCarthy and the others to say that Gruening and Morse were the first and most forceful and effective critics of the war. Both took the position, from the start, that what this country was doing in Vietnam was not only stupid and immoral but illegal, unconstitutional and in violation of our obligations under the U.N. Charter.

While Ernest Gruening may not be as well known in Belgrade and Singapore and Oslo as some recent recipients of the Nobel Prize, he is certainly as well known as Dr. Elise Ottesen-Jensen, the Swedish family planning expert, who is said to have been considered for the award this year. Speaking of family planning, one of Gruening's most remarkable achievements in the Senate was the work he did in planning and conducting a splendid, many-volumed inquiry into population problems.

The fact that no Nobel award will be made this year, despite the availability of such individuals as Jeannette Rankin and Ernest Gruening, suggests that we need an American Peace Prize. The Norwegians, who are not known for their belligerence, may well have been the logical sponsors of the first world peace prize; they could be relied upon to make an objective canvass of available nominees. But an American Peace Prize might be an admirable supplement. It would give recognition to individuals who, in an environment that has been more militaristic than pacific, have carried on activities for peace which their fellow countrymen should be the first to acknowledge and applaud. In the social setting of the cold-war years, peace advocates have not been among the most highly rewarded or widely honored Americans. One of the foundations might well take the lead in setting up a representative committee which would annually award a prize to the American who, that year, had best served the cause of peace. Incidentally, the award should be substantial. Plaques are nice, but even nicer, after years of work in those barren peace vineyards, would be a check in five figures. There is no reason why the Norwegians should enjoy a monopoly on a good idea, the more so when they have so often been unable to find available nominees.

CALIFORNIA HEATS UP

Fortune Swings on the Propositions

MARY ELLEN LEARY

Miss Leary has been a West Coast political writer for more than twenty years, most of them on the Scripps-Howard San Francisco News. *She is now a free-lance writer.*

If it is true that politics must be fired with passion to pull people to the polls, then California has some emotional well-springs on its November ballot which ought to provoke a strong voter response in spite of, or at least apart from, the early apathy over the Presidential contest. The question, though, is whether a little spillover from these peripheral issues might spark up the McGovern candidacy. It is a very real possibility.

Though the names McGovern or Nixon, for all they symbolize, scarcely stir the public pulse now in California, the name Cesar Chavez has an electric effect on the emotional circuits. Chavez, with all the messianic aura he has earned in a ten-year fight for the migrant farm worker, is now suddenly a force in the state's political spectrum.

Agri-business' move to enact an agricultural labor relations law which pretends to regularize unions but which actually hems them in with limitations that would scuttle the United Farm Workers (UFW), abolish the effective buyer boycotts and snuff out Chavez's strength, has abruptly boomeranged.

This move to kill the UFW (it is much the same law that Arizona enacted this spring while Chavez fasted in protest), was rejected by the California legislature but brought to the November ballot by initiative petition, circulated through the spring by major grower organizations and qualified this summer. While Democrats at their convention were giving the UFW lettuce boycott such an enormous boost—twenty-five state delegations pledging support over national television in the tumult of choosing

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a Presidential nominee—at home the ground was being carefully cut away from the union's base. The initiative was on the ballot; a campaign to woo favorable votes was being prepared with the vast and costly propaganda apparatus California political campaigners are so adept at using. By every sign, the union was in a fight for its life.

That fight is still on, but the odds have evened a little. A discovery that wholesale fraud was practiced in gathering signatures for the initiative has startled the state, triggered investigations and law suits, provoked countless press conferences of denunciation, shaken confidence in the initiative process and—most telling political effect of all—so enraged black communities that they are determined to turn out Election Day to defeat the measure. The Spanish-speaking were already against it, but the publicity over fraud aroused them just when the voter-registration drive needed impetus. The Democratic goal of adding 300,000 to 400,000 new voters has a good chance of including many thousands more Mexican-Americans who are determined to support Chavez.

What particularly outraged blacks was the realization that the bulk of the qualifying signatures had been obtained deliberately in their neighborhoods. They had been "used," as several black legislators put it at their press conferences. Petition circulators, taking advantage of political innocence among the blacks, concentrated their efforts in these neighborhoods and deftly hid the official statement describing the initiative under large pink cards. Their pitch alleged, instead, that the measure would help settle labor disputes and lower the cost of food. Many blacks who had been hired as petition circulators, and paid per name, discovered too late that they had worked for a measure that would destroy Chavez and the UFW, which they recognize as the strongest voice for the poor in California. Their indignation, their sense of having been victimized, burst upon Secretary of State Edmund G. Brown, Jr. who polices election machinery. District attorneys began surveying the evidence.

"By the time we had received 3,000 protests over individual experience with fraud we knew we had something unprecedented in the way of a problem," said one official in Brown's office. The complicated struggle now going on over how to prove the fraud, as counties painstakingly review their petitions; how to remove the initiative (no legal steps exist for such an eventuality); how to prevent its being counted; how to separate legitimate signatures from those clearly forged (many signers were urged to write down names of others in their family); and how to take action against the campaign organizers who masterminded the name gathering gets headline attention from day to day in California. The net effect is a groundswell of concern for the farm workers among people otherwise indifferent to this year's election. The poor of California are committed to vote "no" on Proposition 22.

Said Leroy Chatfield, director of the UFW voter-registration drive in Los Angeles, "I can honestly say the word 'McGovern' doesn't catch fire in the black or brown areas. But down at the street level, you talk about farm workers and you talk against Nixon, and you get a red-hot response. There is absolutely no community we've gone into that doesn't know about the farm workers and Chavez and wants to vote to protect them, and that includes all the black neighborhoods, Watts and every other minority district. We will get a tremendous vote from them."

At position 22, this anti-farm-worker measure is the last on a long ballot heavy with issues appealing strongly to the self-interests of one or another segment of Californians. Teachers, university professors, highway patrolmen, the ecology groups, labor all see their concerns involved in measures Californians will vote upon. They have a personal interest in getting people to the polls. The young are responding to an initiative that would make possession of marijuana no crime. The aged are alerted to tax measures. There are, it must be recognized, right-wing thrusts: a move to ban school bussing and halt other provisions intended to obtain classroom racial balance; a move to let local communities fix their own obscenity standards. These are so extreme or of such questionable legality that they get scant attention. The most serious ultraconservative issue is a proposal to restore the death penalty; it is sponsored by state law-enforcement officials and police, and is likely to win in California and stir other states to follow suit.

Perhaps the most piquant measure would write into California's constitution the "right of privacy." It simply adds "and privacy," in the first section of the first article, to the list of "inalienable rights." At the same time, the constitution's initial reference to "all men" as defined "by nature free and independent" is altered to read "all persons." It can hardly be claimed that this issue is stirring voter excitement; it comes so quietly onto the ballot that hardly a word about it has appeared in the press. However, Assemblyman Kenneth Cory (D.) introduced it, and the legislature overwhelmingly approved it, as a substantial counter to pervasive government intrusions and computerized data accumulation. Once enacted—and public outrage over the abuse of private information is so great that its passage is thought sure—it can be relied upon to generate new protective acts against government snooping and government compilation of private dossiers.

But will all these exotic perennials, such as bloom regularly in California's political garden, have any effect on how California votes for President? The general view is that their influence will be indirect but real. It is assumed in political circles that these issues, livening interest in the election as a whole, will generate more votes than the Presidential contest alone could draw. Further, it is thought that they will aggravate a sense of injustice and so increase the vote for a change via McGovern.

That this increase can be enough to overcome President Nixon's advantage no one claims. As of now, Democrats are standing by, stamping their feet in the cold and waiting for the fires to be lit. The drastic drop in their campaign temperature between June and October is not merely the seasonal decline from summer to fall. If Senator McGovern is going to take California away from President Nixon he must get on with the job himself. The McGovern headquarters staff, shuffled and shaken up since their successful June, claims to sense at last a supportive resurgence for the candidate. It is being said that they "bottomed out" through the first week of September.

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Fund raising, both with small gifts and large donations, is going surprisingly well.

What the serious disputes over ballot issues can achieve is an intensification of political awareness and interest during what seems otherwise a slack time. Instead of sinking into a glum despair over national prospects, Californians these days are being stimulated to plunge into the fight over property taxes, the fight over the death penalty, the fight over preserving the precious coast from rampant private development and nuclear power siting, and most of all, the fight to save the United Farm Workers.

Of course, igniting such interest quickens the Republicans as well. No one is working harder than the Republican Party to get voters registered by October 8. No one is cultivating Mexican-American circles more industriously; no one is more ostentatious in its display of young supporters.

This does not mean that the ballot issues are necessarily partisan. Some of them, particularly coast preservation, break across lines and have harnessed together curiously mismatched partners. The Coastal Alliance, for instance, finds that a large number of ultraconservative elderly are working hand in hand with far-out urban planners for regional coastal zoning agencies; this is because so many small homes in the sleepy coastal towns are being wiped out by large-scale developers. But, in general, the steam being built up has a better potential for being converted into power for McGovern.

That is most evident with labor. Its lip zipped by the Meany prohibition against any Presidential endorsement, how can labor give its political muscles even a workout in 1972? In California, it became clear at the mid-August AFL-CIO convention that the total energies, passions and persuasions of all labor, Teamsters included, would be directed to defeat Proposition 22, the farm labor control initiative. Not since 1958, when California labor staged a fantastically successful drive to defeat a right-to-work initiative (and to squelch the gubernatorial ambitions of then U.S. Sen. William F. Knowland), has there been such a single purpose to union concern over California politics. The 1972 campaign is by no means as important as that of 1958, but it has given labor a place to go, an issue where personal interest is visibly at stake, an effective cover behind which it can organize political strategies for a broader change.

Some critics, state AFL-CIO Executive Sec'y-Treas. John F. Henning said at the convention, assume that the labor movement belongs "with the great industrial forces which are respectable, the powers of wealth. . . . They think we want to be with the superior order, as they regard it. But I say, we belong with the liberal movement, black, brown, young, women and with all who believe this country belongs to the great masses of the people."

At no point did the convention endorse McGovern, but it called forcefully and openly for the defeat of President Nixon, as strong a position as it could manage within the technical ban of Rule 4 of the national AFL-CIO, which requires state bodies to conform to national policy. America, said the California AFL-CIO by formal resolution, "cannot afford another four years of the Nixon Presidency." Henning admonished that another four years with assaults on the Bill of Rights such as the Administration has countenanced in the past would take this country "well down the road toward constitutional fascism."

Senator McGovern has identified himself with the Chavez cause. In a statement on September 11, he declared Proposition 22 "so repugnant in both its intent and the way it was placed on the ballot, I feel it requires comment. . . . Today, the Farm Workers may be the target of union-busting legislation and high-powered pressure campaigns. Tomorrow it may be the Aerospace Workers, the building trades, the Municipal Workers or the Teamsters. We must stop this before it spreads."

The unions are committed to helping Chavez far beyond the initial $10,000 handed over for this political fight at the convention. Though it claims to recognize labor organization in the fields, the measure is considered peculiarly a threat because of the limitations it would impose on the right to strike and because "right to work" groups have been involved in obtaining similar measures in Arizona and other states. Labor deems it a threat to all unions.

Outside the ranks of labor, it is difficult to convince Californians that a measure permitting union organization among farm workers and requiring a secret ballot is a threat to these workers. Yet for many, Chavez's opposition is convincing enough. Jerry Cohen, UFW legal counsel, pointed out that the requirement limiting union eligibility to workers who have been sixty days or more at a single farm effectively eliminates more than two-thirds of the migrant farm hands, who usually work less than a month for one employer. Besides, it is the employer who controls whether his farm hands work long enough to meet the standard; in effect, he controls their eligibility to vote on union matters. Other language in the proposal would permit almost continuous injunctions against a strike, should workers threaten one, and it makes illegal even the mention of a boycott at the consumer level.

"I do think the lettuce boycott, Proposition 22 and the whole election are tied together," said Cohen. "The level of concern for our cause and of awareness of our need is so advanced beyond what it was when we had the grape boycott. We have great strength now among consumers and among young people. They care, and they will vote." And he added: "I am convinced there is dissatisfaction in the state to a degree the polls don't reflect. McGovern has a chance."

If there is any area in which dissatisfaction is obvious, it is among the various California conservation groups and politically sensitive organizations drawn together in what is called the Coastal Alliance. That includes League of Women Voters, Parent-Teachers, 60,000 California members of the Sierra Club, the Associated Sportsmen and many home-owners' associations. Some four years ago a legislative resources study cited California's coastline as one of the most seriously threatened natural resources and proposed a pattern for protecting it from overdevelopment. The plan was to establish six regional bodies manned in part from local governments,

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whose "permit" must be obtained for any development within 1,000 yards of waterline and whose major task would be to develop long-range plans for each section of coast—to a distance of 5 miles inland—from Mexico to Oregon.

For three successive years an effort was made to get this idea embodied in legislation, but it was defeated each time by real estate interests, developers, the utilities (which want shoreline nuclear power sites) and labor. The coastal fans this year finally turned to the initiative. There is a strong sense among conservationists that this is a critical issue which, if lost, will seriously deter the whole cause of ecological preservation in California and weaken ancillary efforts on behalf of environmental controls. Janet Adams, who leads the Alliance, was one of those who "saved the bay" by campaigning for a control agency over San Francisco Bay. Whether her brand of tenacious volunteerism is enough to offset an estimated $1.5 million kitty which industry is said to have available to fight this measure remains to be seen. But proof of public interest was the amassing of most of 400,000 signatures by a wholly volunteer effort in one month's time, mid-May to mid-June; it was an unparalleled amateur record.

The political power which big business has exhibited previously in killing environmental measures at the legislature and at the ballot rankles with the liberal voters. If the opposition continues to distort the issue (one ad says, "The beach belongs to you. Don't lock it up. Vote no."), a storm may rise in California within the next few weeks against such corporate protectionism. Some McGovernites seriously look for this to happen.

"The aura of excessive corporate manipulation of the political mechanism in behalf of business profits has fed the national distrust of the Nixon Administration," remarked Henry Weinstein, McGovern press spokesman in San Francisco. "Obviously lavish spending to kill this California shoreline zoning plan will reinforce the repugnance a lot of people feel. It will drive votes to McGovern in disgust."

Of course, there is an opposition position. As one assemblyman put it, the "eco-freaks are destroying the basic economy of California."

The tax shake-up measure known as the Watson initiative started out by claiming to save the home owner a chunk of local property tax, but it too has been catalogued as a big-business scheme. An objective study by the legislature's highly regarded fiscal analyst, Alan Post, makes evident that commercial property owners and large landholders, not the private home owner, would be the principal beneficiaries. The proposal would limit property taxes to a ceiling of $2 per $100 assessed valuation, with the result that the state government would be $372 million short for present revenues, and support for schools would be $771 million short, even with a great increase in state taxes. That is what panics schoolteachers throughout the state. This is a crippling structure which inserts a complex tax plan into the constitution, forbids local taxes from supplementing state school assistance, prohibits a state property tax, and boosts the sales tax from 3.75 to 6 per cent. Opposition to it is growing, but annoyance over high property taxes and legislative failure to enact tax reform have built some fear that this tax scheme might gain public favor.

The Watson measure is included in the spreading inquiries into fraud in the collection of signatures. It is too late to remove this initiative, Proposition 22, or three other suspect matters from the ballot. Voting sheets are already printed; absentee voting begins October 9. What persons aroused over the obvious forgeries or admitted misrepresentations are seeking is a court ruling that would prohibit counting of the votes on suspect measures.

Ordinarily, county clerks and election officers would be embarrassed by the discovery of such abuse in their systems, but California was caught last June in an extraordinary pinch. So many initiative measures flooded into county offices, each with roughly 400,000 signatures to be verified, that every county clerk had to throw hastily hired, untrained tally clerks into the breach. Los Angeles County alone took on more than 500 such novices. A Northern county official who hired 100 girls "right off the street" confessed "we couldn't possibly guarantee their work."

The death-penalty issue has also come under the "fraud" cloud. This proposal was initiated in quick retaliation when the California Supreme Court last February, ahead of the U.S. Supreme Court, found by a 6-to-1 majority that the death penalty is "cruel or unusual" punishment and hence unconstitutional under state law—language far more positive than the U.S. Court's multiopinion. In seeking to restore the death penalty now, the initiative would apply immediately to four mandatory death statutes, and it makes the extraordinary declaration that no further appeals of the penalty may be entertained by the courts, once death has been ordered, a curiously unequal approach to the law. Opinion polls, however, indicate that the public will probably heed the advice of law enforcement and bring back the gas chamber.

The marijuana initiative will probably rally the youth vote. It is a simple proposal making possession of marijuana legal for those over 18, and follows in many respects recommendations by President Nixon's special commission. No political figures are taking the soap box to support this sensitive issue and a great many publicly oppose it.

As McGovern forces size up their chances, their strategy is to win so overwhelmingly in Northern California that the vote can offset an expected pro-Nixon majority in Southern California. That is the usual Democratic approach. Humphrey carried the North overwhelmingly but lost the state; President Kennedy in 1960 carried Northern counties by 100,000 but lost the state to Nixon by 35,000. The McGovern hope is to build a 300,000 margin in the North; it isn't visible yet. And it may be periled by so irrelevant a happenstance as the fact that the University of California has switched to the quarter system. Usually its classes are well under way by mid-September; this year the university opened on October 2. The late date slowed the assembling of the young people so indispensable to the McGovern cause. It has even delayed discovery of just how interested they still are. □

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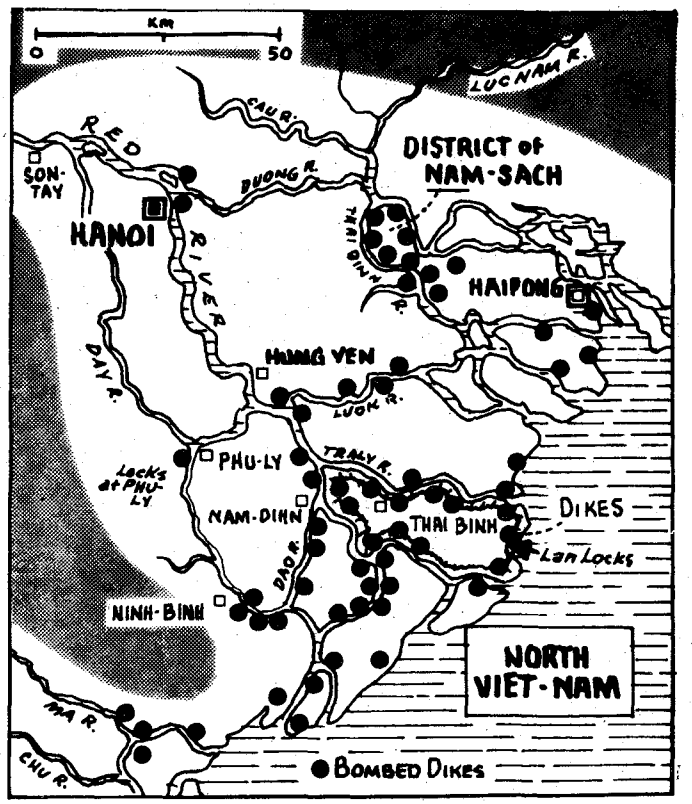
BOMBING THE DIKES

A Geographer's On-the-Site Analysis

YVES LACOSTE

Mr. Lacoste is a professor of geography at the University of Paris. Evidence he collected on the bombing of the dikes of North Vietnam has caused wide comment in the French and British press.



Throughout the war in Vietnam, the U.S. military has done little to conceal the particularly deadly nature of certain tactical or strategic actions that have become its daily routine—actions ranging from systematic use of napalm and various types of "anti-personnel" weapons to carpet-bombing by B-52s. And for its part, a large sector of the American people, witnessing through television and other mass media the greatest deluge of fire and steel known to history, has reacted like a slightly bored theatre audience to the subtlest and most terrifying methods of destruction.

However, this relative apathy was suddenly broken a few months ago by information that air attacks were probably, not to say certainly, being directed against the North Vietnamese dike system. So many prominent persons expressed their fears that the raids were indeed taking place that President Nixon felt obliged to challenge the testimony of people who had seen for themselves, on the spot, that the dikes were being bombed. According to the President, the eminent men and women who had expressed their growing concern had not received accurate reports and thus were easy prey to Communist propaganda.

But eyewitness accounts continued to flow in, and on July 30 the White House issued a statement acknowledging that a few dikes adjacent to military objectives might have been hit, but insisting at the same time that any damage they had suffered could be only very slight. In answer to this, it was pointed out that the statement was vague and that documents such as aerial photographs, which at least in some cases could have proved the truth of official assertions, were lacking. The Administration's attempts to make little of this matter have been unavailing; far from becoming a dead issue, "bombing the dikes" is assuming ever greater importance in the mind of the public. It appears that people know intuitively that this form of destruction symbolizes a new level of warfare. Public anxiety and the embarrassment of the authorities would no doubt be as great if typhoons, earthquakes or volcanic eruptions were being unleashed against a civilian population. Solidarity among men, whatever their differences, when faced with the forces of nature is among the fundamental assumptions upon which all cultures are based. For thousands of years, men have seen in such natural catastrophes as flood or famine the hand of God or of fate, and still today the willful unleashing of natural forces strikes them, even when they do not know just why, as the sacrilegious act of a sorcerer's apprentice.

But it is important to go beyond symbols and subjective reactions in order to determine and examine the facts of the attack. These are essentially of a geographical nature—that is, they concern an interaction between "physical and natural data" and "human factors." The Red River delta of Vietnam has for centuries been an area where that interaction is especially complex. There are few regions of the world where so many human beings have evolved in so limited an area such an efficient, subtle culture (by comparison with most nonindustrial cultures) under such difficult conditions.

The Red River delta forms an almost equilateral triangle of 90 miles to a side in which live some 10 million people. This plain is dominated by high mountains which in summer receive the torrential rains of the monsoon. As a result, the rivers that flow into the plain are subject to frequently sudden and heavy flooding. At such times, the Red River becomes an enormous stream, its flow sometimes exceeding 110,000 cubic feet per second (the flow of the Mississippi is 120,000 cubic feet per second). The Red River and its tributaries, pouring down from the nearby, deeply eroded mountains, carry alluvium in such vast quantities that, as it is deposited, the river beds rise until the streams flow on alluvial cushions, or natural levees, which in some places rise 20 to 25 feet above the plain. At times of high water, they break from these elevated channels and cover the lower land.

Human settlement of the delta, a marshy, malarial region periodically under water, was therefore particularly difficult, but the area also offered great potentialities. In

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the tropics, generally, the soil is subjected to bio-climatic processes that quickly reduce its fertility and make it extremely fragile. The exceptions are the alluvial deltas and plains, where the silt deposited during high water restores fertility to the soil.

The historical task of the Vietnamese people (like other peoples in tropical Asia) has therefore been to achieve mastery, little by little, over the high water. The vast undertaking is represented by some 2,500 miles of dikes started in Vietnam principally during the Middle Ages. To carry forward such a work under extremely frustrating conditions—because every year the floods threatened to wipe out the gains made during the dry season—a large number of workers had to be enlisted under an efficient organization that could concentrate them where they were wanted and see that they were cared for. Also needed was a profound understanding of the science of hydraulics, so that these works, built with limited means, could resist the thrusts of the river. Once a dike was built, it had to be supervised and regularly repaired. Conquest of the delta must have begun, with limited manpower, in the upper parts of the delta near the mountains. Gradually, as new rice fields could be laid out under the shelter of new dikes, more manpower appeared, making possible increased construction, then further agricultural progress.

Today the system is organized on several levels: the big dikes that follow the courses of the important rivers have an effect on the entire delta, since a break in one of them at any point could flood wide regions. In order to minimize the damage of a break in a principal dike, other dikes have been run at right angles to the rivers across low-lying regions. A system of coastal dikes prevents flooding by sea water, particularly during monsoons, when extraordinarily violent winds would otherwise drive the salt water into the interior.

Inside each division defined by these major dikes, secondary dikes channel rain water toward points at which it is possible to drain it away. If the rain that fell on the rice fields were allowed to accumulate, the rice plants would soon drown. For intensive rice culture, one must have constant control over the water level, not only at different points of the area under cultivation but also from week to week of the growing cycle. This control is accomplished in the cultivated area of each village by a network of small dikes and canals located inside the larger pattern of secondary dikes, which in turn are laid out to conform with the main grids of the major dikes.

The Red River delta is not the only alluvial plain in North Vietnam. The plains of Thanh Hoa and Vinh, for instance, followed a similar evolution. But these are much broader and the rivers that cross them are much smaller than the Red River. Just now they are being subjected to particularly intensive bombing, but the Red River delta occasions by far the most concern, since it is there that the risks of catastrophic flooding are the most serious, both because of the river's powerful current at flood time and because the area supports the highest concentration of human beings.

Since the dike network, as described above, forms a unified geographical entity, but with elements having different functions and varying significance, the best way to document the charge that the present attack is planned and deliberate is to make an overall geographical analysis of the points at which the system has been bombed. I carried out that study during a visit to North Vietnam with the International Commission of Inquiry into War Crimes, from July 29 until August 13. I visited the principal zones in which bombing of dikes has taken place, and at various points tested the accuracy of the map of the damage done to the hydraulic installations. This map was very precisely made, at my request, by technicians from the Ministry of Hydraulics of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. It can easily be verified from the frequent photographs taken by the U.S. Air Force.

During the period from April 16 to July 31 (bombing of the dikes in fact continued during August) the entire hydraulic complex of North Vietnam was subjected to more than 150 air attacks, and hits were scored on ninety-six different places. Of these ninety-six sites, fifty-eight are in the Red River delta, almost all of them—fifty-four out of fifty-eight—in the eastern part of the delta, from the district of Nam-Sach in the north, to the province of Thai-Binh in the center, to the regions of Nam-Ha, Nam-Dinh and Ninh-Binh in the south. Four bombing points on hydraulic installations are outside this area, two near Hanoi and two by the Phu-Ly locks in the Day River.

The Nixon Administration acknowledged this pinpointing (which had not been mentioned by the Vietnamese authorities) and claimed that it supported the official position: i.e., if the attacks on the dikes had been intended to encourage serious floods, they would have been aimed at the western part of the delta, upstream, which is just the area that has been spared for the time being. However, a more careful examination of geographical conditions suggests the opposite conclusion.

The Red River delta divides schematically into two quite different zones. In the western part, the upper delta, the alluvium-heavy rivers that have just emerged from mountain valleys gradually built up, before they were diked, a large number of small plateaus, as their courses changed from flood season to flood season. In the eastern part of the delta, and in the lower delta, the rivers carry much less alluvium and therefore flow above natural levees that are less high. These rivers diverge toward the sea, like the spokes of a wheel. In this area the alluvial cushions, or plateaus, are fewer and lower, and between them are wide, easily flooded flats. In the upper, western part of the delta the villages have been built on top of the alluvial cushions, above the easily flooded lowlands; in the eastern part of the lower delta most of the villages are below the level of the rivers, in areas easily flooded, should the dikes be breached.

A large majority of the dikes that have been bombed, some 93 per cent, are in the eastern part of the delta where most of the vulnerable villages are to be found. If the bombings, instead of being intended to produce flooding, had been aimed at military targets near or on the dikes, they could not have failed to register more frequent hits on the dikes of the upper delta, near Hanoi, for instance. Furthermore, the dikes in the lowermost region, between Nam-Sach and Haiphong, have thus far hardly been bombed at all. But in that part of the delta, the rivers cease to form natural levees and begin to flow in

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beds slightly below the average level of the plain. The effect of destroying dikes in that zone would be far less disastrous than in other places.

Thus the fact that bombing of dikes has been concentrated in the eastern part of the delta, which is also the most densely populated and the most important for agricultural production, is persuasive evidence that these attacks are deliberate and systematic, directed *exactly* to the area where their effects can be most serious.

Another way of analyzing the attacks on the dikes is to note where within this eastern part of the delta the bombs landed. It turns out that for the most part these are not random sites but points at which absolute soundness of construction is of special importance to the system. The stretches of dikes that have been most frequently hit are the ones that, at high water, are subject to unusually strong pressure.

The dikes have been attacked in the concave part of their bends or, as in the northern part of the Nam-Sach district, at points where they must withstand an especially powerful current resulting from the confluence of rivers. It is literally impossible for there to have been "military targets" at all of these points—precisely those points that are essential to the water-defense system—and it should be emphasized that, except in the Hanoi and Haiphong areas, where roadbeds have been laid on top of the dikes, the greater part of the network would not support motor traffic. None of the ten or so places that I visited to determine the effects of bombing had been surfaced with any kind of road-base material that would support motorized weapons. Nor could I discover at any of these sites a military target other than an especially important area of the dike system itself. The fact that the dikes were hit far from any other target, and at particularly sensitive points, is further evidence of a deliberate, systematic attack upon the network. The relatively frequent use of time bombs against hydraulic installations gives even greater credence to this hypothesis, since it is impossible to imagine what advantage time bombs would offer against convoys or mobile military installations.

One of the most striking proofs of a methodical attack is furnished by the raids that have been directed against different types of hydraulic installations in the southern part of Thai-Binh province. This region is bounded on the south by the Red River and on the north by one of its branches, the Traly River. Between these two waterways, both of which flow above an alluvial cushion, a sort of long gutter runs down to the sea. This narrow valley became inhabitable—today more than 600,000 persons live there—when dikes were built along the two rivers, as well as along the coast. The coastal dikes hold back the sea, but they also prevent the rain that falls in the vast gutter from draining off the land. Therefore, the important Lan locks have been installed; at low tide, these are opened to let the water that has accumulated in the valley flow into the sea.

Bombs have hit the most critical points of this complex hydraulic organization, beginning with the Lan locks, located far from any other target. Between May 24 and July 29, the locks were attacked nine times and, despite the heavy damages, were raided three times more in the first week in August, no doubt to make repairs impossible. The water now cannot be let flow into the sea; it has therefore begun to accumulate in the rice fields, where a considerable part of the harvest may be considered lost. In addition, there have been four attacks on the dikes of the Traly River and three on those of the Red River. Here again the bombs were aimed especially at the concave parts of the bends. Time bombs, which of course inhibit repair crews, were used in two places; of the fourteen bombs dropped July 14 on the Red River dike near the village of Tan Lap, thirteen exploded at intervals (some six hours later; others up to twenty-one days later).

Thus the "operation" in the southern part of Thai-Binh province can be summarized as follows: first, the intention was to make breaks at the most vulnerable points in the dikes, which, even if repaired, would be in danger of failing again at high water. (It is difficult to pack soil properly when it is water-soaked from the summer rains, and places that have been repaired remain vulnerable.)

Second, the locks were wrecked to prevent the runoff of water. At the least, this would flood part of the rice fields and place the basic food source of 600,000 people in jeopardy. A much more terrible disaster would occur if there were severe flooding; a great number of villages situated below the level of the alluvial cushions would be inundated by sudden breaks in the dikes, either at points where proper repairs had been impossible or at new rupture spots caused by further bombings. The attacks are continuing not only on the river dikes but also on the coastal dikes, which are being pounded regularly by the Seventh Fleet artillery. The locks are a favorite target, since their destruction can either dam up the water in the inhabited and cultivated areas, or allow sea water to cover the soil and render it unfit for cultivation for several years.

Third, the Nha May Gho Khi factory, near Hanoi, which supplies the material needed to repair the locks and other hydraulic installations, was razed on August 5 by particularly intensive, precise bombing.

The fact that bombing of the dikes has been localized in the Red River delta proves that the attack upon them has been deliberate and carefully planned. If the purpose of the bombing were not to hit the dikes at the points most vulnerable during high water, and in the regions where the greatest number of villages are liable to be submerged, the attacks would have been differently directed: dikes near the big traffic centers and the big cities would have been hit much more frequently.

The present Administration in Washington, after admitting that the dikes might have been hit, declared that the destruction was minimal. It is important therefore to estimate as accurately as possible the effects of the bombings. The bombs most frequently used in this kind of attack weigh between 500 and 1,000 pounds. When they hit a dike directly they make craters from 20 to 22 feet deep and about 35 feet across. But the damage is not limited to direct hits. More serious is the shock caused by the explosion, which creates a series of fractures and cracks over a radius of 50 yards, and seriously jeopardizes the resistance of the dike. When, as frequently happens,

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bombs fall on both sides of a dike and about 100 feet from it, the results are more dangerous than when the dike is hit directly. For not all the cracks are immediately visible; they may show up without warning when the dike is under pressure. It is therefore a general rule that, in order to prevent the sudden rupture of a dike, or its collapse following what is termed the "fox" phenomenon (water gradually digs a tunnel under the dike at the place of the crack), one must remove all the earth from areas where there may be cracks. It is not enough to fill in the craters; a section three or four times larger than the excavation caused by the explosion must also be rebuilt.

The closer the bombings approach the period of high water, the more dangerous are their effects: on the one hand, the river may rush immediately through the opening and rapidly widen it; on the other, repair work with water-soaked earth becomes more and more difficult.

Bombings carried out against the dikes in 1965, 1966 and 1967, were interrupted every year before the season of heavy rains and high water, but the attacks that began last April have continued not only into July but also through August. Therefore, the risks of severe breaks in the dike network are considerable, despite an immense effort to make good the damage. The greater part of the areas under cultivation is threatened (rice plants die if they are under water longer than four days) and it may be estimated that, in the event of a particularly rainy season, 1.5 million to 2 million people could drown in the lower regions most directly exposed to sudden flooding. This estimate corresponds to the assertions made several years ago by certain American military experts—"bombing the North Vietnamese dikes would produce an effect comparable to that of a hydrogen bomb: the entire delta would be flooded, the summer and fall rice crops would be destroyed, and 2 million to 3 million of the population would die of drowning or of hunger." □

PRESIDENTIAL WARS

The Convenience of 'Precedent'

FRANCIS D. WORMUTH

Mr. Wormuth, professor of political science at the University of Utah, is the author of Origins of Modern Constitutionalism *(Harper & Row) and* The Vietnam War: The President vs. the Constitution *(Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions).*

The Presidential wars in Indochina have been the least publicized events in American history. The war, or rather the unopposed career of carnage, in Laos has never been acknowledged; there has been negligible official, and scanty unofficial, reporting of the military adventures in Vietnam and Cambodia. So obscure has been the history of our involvement that Robert McNamara, then Secretary of Defense, commissioned a study to discover what had happened. To maintain public ignorance, the Nixon Administration unsuccessfully sought to enjoin publication of the study.

There has been even greater official reticence on the constitutional questions involved. In 1966, a year after President Johnson's massive escalation of the war in Vietnam, the State Department supplied the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations with a memorandum, so slight as to be frivolous, in justification of Executive war making. The present Administration has been even less communicative. In various forums, Secretary of State Rogers, Solicitor General Griswold, and former Assistant Attorney General Rehnquist have defended Mr. Nixon's prosecution of the war; these brief statements exhaust the Administration's apologies for its conduct. They do not say much, but they say more than can be defended.

The framers of the Constitution attempted to put the question beyond doubt. At the Constitutional Convention, the committee of detail reported a proposal that the legislature be given the power "to make war." The Convention changed the word "make" to "declare," so that the Executive might be free "to repel sudden attacks." This meant that war could be initiated in two ways: by joint resolution of Congress, and by the attack of an enemy. On issues arising from the war with France, 1798-1801, the Supreme Court held that it was for Congress to initiate all hostilities, whether general war or limited war, and that it was illegal for the President to exceed the authorization of Congress. In 1863, in the Prize Cases, the Court held that the President's power to resist sudden attack included response to insurrection; but it said that he had no power to initiate war.

According to Secretary Rogers, it follows from the power to repel attack that "in emergency situations, the President has the power and responsibility to use the armed forces to protect the nation's security." The emergency in Vietnam which purportedly called for independent Executive action has never been identified; in any case the Constitution authorizes Congress, and not the President, to determine when the nation's security is imperiled and when it is appropriate to use the armed forces to protect it.

But the Nixon Administration places its chief reliance on the Commander-in-Chief clause. This title was introduced in English military usage in 1639 and is still used by the British to describe the highest ranking officer in a military or naval hierarchy; this officer has always been subject to political superiors. When the Continental Congress made George Washington Commander in Chief in 1776, it instructed him "punctually to observe and follow such orders and directions, from time to time, as you shall receive from this, or a future Congress of these United Colonies, or committee of Congress." The Constitutional Convention adopted the term in the light of this usage. In 1850 the Supreme Court said of the

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position of the President, *after* Congress had declared war: "His duty and power are purely military. As commander-in-chief, he is authorized to direct the movements of the naval and military forces placed by law at his command, and to employ them in the manner he may deem most effectual to harass and conquer the enemy."

The Commander-in-Chief clause does not supplant the war clause, which gives the power to initiate war to Congress. And it must be read together with the clauses of the Constitution which authorize Congress to raise and support armies, to provide and maintain a Navy, and to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces. The Supreme Court has held that only Congress may raise armies, that the President may not require an officer to perform any duty not imposed on him by statute, that he may not alter a salary fixed by statute, that he may not discharge an officer contrary to statute, that court-martial jurisdiction over soldiers is limited to that authorized by Congress, that a soldier when drafted may be assigned duties only in the capacity which subjected him to the draft. Congress has obliged the President to assign command of troops to the highest ranking officer in the force; it has authorized the use of troops for some purposes and forbidden it for others; on several occasions it has forbidden that troops be sent to specified areas; when Theodore Roosevelt took the Marines off naval vessels, Congress obliged him to restore them. As David Dudley Field put it: "To command an army is to give it its orders. . . . To do what? That, and that only, which the laws allow; and the laws are made, not by him but by Congress. His function is executive."

No judicial precedents support the claim that the Commander-in-Chief clause authorizes the President to undertake acts of war. But the apologists for the war in Vietnam rely on purported Executive precedents. This argument developed in a curious way. In 1912 the Solicitor of the State Department, J. Reuben Clark, published a list of forty-one armed actions or displays of force abroad which had not been individually authorized by Congress. Two were illegal, but the other thirty-nine were naval actions to protect citizens. After "cursory consideration" Clark offered a legal theory to justify these actions, but he warned that "a more detailed and careful study" might not support it. This theory was the proposition that citizens were entitled to protection at international law, that international law was incorporated in the law of the United States, and that in protecting citizens the President was merely executing the laws of the United States. In 1934 the State Department republished Clark's study, updating the list of foreign interventions.

In 1941 there occurred a revolution in legal theory. Defending President Roosevelt's action in sending troops to Iceland, Senator Connally argued that the President as Commander in Chief might send troops wherever he wished, and cited the eighty-five cases from the 1934 revision of Clark's list as evidence. The Commander-in-Chief clause thus replaced the President's Executive power; the limitation to the protection of citizens disappeared, and with it Clark's misgivings about even this narrowly defined action. In 1950 the State Department used Connally's list of eight-five cases as precedents for President Truman's unauthorized entry into the Korean War. In 1966 the State Department asserted that there were 125 precedents for President Johnson's unauthorized entry into the war in Vietnam. In 1967 the State Department offered a list of 137 "armed actions taken by the United States without a declaration of war." In 1971 Solicitor General Griswold said that the United States had formally declared war six times and had engaged in hostilities on 155 other occasions as well. On December 18, 1971, Senator Goldwater asserted that he had compiled a list of "192 military actions undertaken without a declaration of war, eight-one of which involved actual combat or ultimatums tantamount to the use of force."

It is time to set the record straight. Congress has passed not six but thirteen formal declarations of general war against a named adversary. On eight occasions Congress has authorized hostilities short of general war against a named adversary. On thirteen occasions Congress has rejected or ignored Presidential requests for authority to engage in limited hostilities. On at least seven occasions the Executive has refused to undertake hostile action on the ground that Congress had not authorized it.

In all the lists of purported Executive precedents, about half the cases have been brief naval landings to protect citizens or their property in a foreign country in a time of riot or insurrection. All the lists are in error: there have in fact been 116 such landings, thirteen before 1865 and 103 thereafter. The thirteen were legally unauthorized, but in 1862 Congress empowered the Secretary of the Navy to make rules for the government of the Navy, and the rules issued in 1865 contained carefully limited instructions to protect citizens in foreign ports in case of need. The 103 landings after 1865 did not rest on the President's Executive power or the Commander-in-Chief clause. They rested on Congressional authorization.

Only fifty-six of these 103 landings appear in the 1967 State Department list. Nine of the other cases listed also had statutory authorization. Of the seventy-two remaining cases, most were trivial. Some were merely minatory demonstrations at sea; some involved merely technical trespass. An unknown number were undertaken by Army or Navy officers without authorization from their superiors; if they prove anything about the war power, they prove that it belongs to every commissioned officer. On the other hand, some cases have been Presidential usurpations of great magnitude: six protracted occupations of Caribbean states, the Korean War, the Vietnamese War. These can be said to establish that the President possesses the war power only if the mere repetition of a crime legalizes a sequence of crimes.

However, the Nixon apologists do not rest solely on the Commander-in-Chief clause; they also argue that the President's "Executive power" authorizes him to engage in war. Justice Holmes said: "The duty of the President to see that the laws be executed is a duty that does not go beyond the laws or require him to achieve more than Congress sees fit to leave within his power." In the 1952 Steel Seizure Case, three Justices, led by Harry Truman's crony, Chief Justice Vinson, argued that the President's Executive power authorized him to seize the steel mills in order to maintain military production; but

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six Justices denied that he could act without a statute. In 1971 the President sought to enjoin the publication of the Pentagon Papers, but six Justices held that he could not do so without statutory authorization. The other three Justices took no position; they thought it premature to resolve the issues.

Apologists for Executive war making invariably refer to what Secretary Rogers has called "the President's constitutional authority to conduct the foreign relations of the United States." Of course, no such grant is to be found in the Constitution. The President shares the treaty-making power and the power to appoint ambassadors with the Senate. He shares the power over foreign commerce and all the war powers with the full Congress. Only two powers in foreign relations are assigned to him alone. He is Commander in Chief; but he acts in this capacity by and under the authority of Congress. And he has the power to receive foreign ambassadors. Alexander Hamilton said that this function was purely ceremonial; but it has come to entail recognition, which has legal consequences. But the power of recognition does not entail the war power. Presidents Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Grant, Cleveland and McKinley refused to recognize revolutionary governments in colonial countries because this might be regarded as an act of war by the mother country, and only Congress could authorize acts of war.

The 1966 State Department apology asserted that the SEATO treaty authorized, indeed obliged, the President to go to war in Vietnam. No one had noticed this feature of the treaty for twelve years after its negotiation in 1954. No treaty made by the President and the Senate can authorize war. In the Constitutional Convention, Charles Pinckney proposed that the war power be given to the Senate, but he found no second; it was given to the full Congress. Nor, if the Senate had the war power, could it delegate it *in futuro* to the President. Finally, no word of the SEATO treaty requires or permits the President to do anything whatever except to consult with the other signatories. In time of common danger, each signatory is to act "in accordance with its constitutional processes." Today no reliance is placed on the SEATO treaty. As far as this writer has been able to discover, only Presidential Assistant Harry Dent has offered the SEATO treaty as justification for President Nixon's prosecution of the war.

Obviously it is impossible to overcome the constitutional assignment of the war power to Congress. So the argument shifts. During the Johnson administration and the first two years of the Nixon Administration reliance was placed on the Tonkin Gulf Resolution of 1964, in which Congress said that the President might do whatever he liked, "including the use of armed force," to assist Cambodia, Laos, "the free territory of Vietnam," Australia, New Zealand, Pakistan, the Philippines, Thailand, Great Britain and France in the maintenance of their freedom. Under Secretary of State Katzenbach called this resolution a "functional equivalent of a declaration of war." But a declaration of war always names an adversary; it makes hostilities mandatory; it specifies whether the war is general or limited. Tonkin Gulf attempted to delegate the war power wholesale to the President, at least as far as Southeast Asia was concerned.

Conrad, Los Angeles Times

"If in November this War Is not Over, I Say that the American People Will Be Justified in Electing New Leadership."

Early in our history Chief Justice Marshall laid down the law of Congressional delegation. Certain functions are "strictly and exclusively legislative," and "these important subjects must be entirely regulated by the legislature itself." But Congress may authorize judicial or Executive rule making on matters "of lesser interest, in which a general provision may be made, and power given to those who are to act under such provisions to fill up the details."

Clearly the initiation of war is legislative. In 1835 the Senate unanimously adopted a resolution drafted by Henry Clay which rejected a request of President Jackson for contingent authority to make reprisals on French shipping because the war power could not be delegated. Congress rejected for the same reason eight requests of President Buchanan for contingent authority to intervene militarily in Central America and Mexico.

Suppose, however, we agree with the spokesmen for the Johnson and Nixon Administrations that choosing an antagonist and launching a war is one of those topics of "lesser interest" on which Congress may delegate the power of decision to the Executive. As Chief Justice Hughes said in *Schechter Poultry Corp.* v. *United States*, in making such a delegation Congress must "perform its function in laying down policies and establishing standards, while leaving to selected instrumentalities the making of subordinate rules within prescribed limits and the determination of facts to which the policy as declared by the Legislature is to apply." In the Tonkin Gulf Resolution Congress laid down no policy and established no standard; the resolution was, as Senator Fulbright, who sponsored it in the Senate, said at a later date, "a blank check."

But in a strange opinion of 1936 by Justice Sutherland

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in *United States* v. *Curtiss-Wright Export Corp.* the Court had said that the limitations of the Constitution did not apply in foreign affairs, and that Congress might delegate to the President the power to make rules over foreign commerce without "laying down policies and establishing standards." Both the Johnson and Nixon Administrations have argued that the Tonkin Gulf Resolution was a valid delegation of the war power because in foreign affairs the rule against delegation does not apply.

Sutherland's statement was not law but dictum, and has been rejected in every subsequent decision. In *Reid* v. *Covert* in 1956 the proposition that the Constitution does not apply in foreign affairs was expressly repudiated. In two cases involving foreign commerce (the issue in *Curtiss-Wright*) and five cases involving matters "of lesser interest" under the war power (a curfew, price controls, rent controls and contract renegotiation) all decided since *Curtiss-Wright,* the Court has announced and applied the orthodox tests of the validity of delegation: Congress must lay down policy and establish standards. In *Zemel* v. *Rusk* (1965), Chief Justice Warren said that the *Curtiss-Wright* case "does not mean that simply because a statute deals with foreign relations, it can grant the Executive totally unrestricted freedom of choice." The dictum in *Curtiss-Wright* has neither paternity nor progeny.

In any case the Tonkin Gulf Resolution was repealed on January 12, 1971. Solicitor General Griswold, deprived of this purported statutory authorization, has argued that Congressional appropriations for the support of troops in Vietnam have amounted to an implied ratification of the war. If these acts are ratifications, they too are uncontrolled delegations. But the argument ignores the law of ratification by appropriation laid down by Justice Douglas for the Court in *Ex Parte Endo*: "the ratification must plainly show a purpose to bestow the precise authority which is claimed." And it ignores the doctrine of the equity of the statute. This doctrine, which goes back at least to the 15th century, is the proposition that the policy of a statute must be given effect beyond its literal terms. As Justice Holmes said: "The Legislature has the power to decide what the policy of the law shall be, and if it has intimated its will, however indirectly, that will should be recognized and obeyed." A repealer statute repeals all statutes, though not named, which share the policy of the statute repealed. If earlier appropriation acts carried any implied endorsement of the war, the repeal of the Tonkin Gulf Resolution, to which the appropriation acts were tributary, revoked that endorsement.

Nor has Congress left this in doubt. In the National Procurement Authorization Act of November 17, 1971, Congress declared it the policy of the United States "to terminate at the earliest practicable date all military operations of the United States in Indochina, and to provide for the prompt and orderly withdrawal of all United States military forces at a date certain, subject to the release of all American prisoners of war. . . ." President Nixon in signing the bill announced his intention of defying it. Since then he has repeatedly said that he will end military operations in Vietnam only after an agreement to political terms stipulated by him. The war is being continued, not without Congress but in defiance of Congress. None of the policy arguments for Executive usurpation—"emergency" or "national security"—applies to this war. No constitutional provision and no Executive precedent justifies the President in continuing a war against the expressed will of Congress. The case is unprecedented.

Since there is no legal case for the Nixon Administration, its spokesmen have taken final refuge, not in the law but in the assertion that they are not accountable to law. The courts will not undertake to decide "political questions." Secretary Rogers has said that "There are relatively few judicial decisions concerning the relationship between the Congress and the President in the exercise of their respective war powers under the Constitution. The courts have usually regarded the subject as a political question and refused jurisdiction." Mr. Rogers must know that there are literally dozens of cases in which the courts have decided "concerning the relationship between the Congress and the President in the exercise of their respective war powers under the Constitution." It was never suggested until the Vietnamese War that the war power raised political questions. Rogers himself names only three cases, all concerned with this war. The Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia wrote a brief, confused opinion in *Luftig* v. *McNamara* in which it said, among other things, that the legality of the Vietnamese War was a political question which it might not decide. In *Mora* v. *McNamara* the same court followed this earlier decision without opinion. Rogers' third case is *Massachusetts* v. *Laird,* in which the Supreme Court refused to permit Massachusetts to file a bill of complaint to challenge the war. It wrote no opinion and we are left to guess what motive or motives may have prompted the majority. Justices Douglas, Harlan and Stewart dissented.

The first and central test of a political question which the courts may not adjudicate is, to use the language of Justice Brennan in *Baker* v. *Carr*, the existence of a "textually demonstrable constitutional commitment of the issue to a coordinate political department." The Constitution nowhere commits the decision of the constitutional issue of the power of the President to initiate war, or for that matter of the power of Congress to delegate its war power, to the President or to Congress. These are justiciable matters for the courts, which have repeatedly asserted that the President may not initiate war, and that Congress may not delegate legislative power to the President.

But there is a political question of another order, one which demands judicial solution: it is nothing less than the continuance of our Republican form of government. As Justice Davis said, in holding Lincoln's declaration of martial law unconstitutional, "wicked men, ambitious of power, with hatred of liberty and contempt of law, may fill the place once occupied by Washington and Lincoln." Chief Justice Marshall in deciding, in *Cohens* v. *Virginia*, a question more dangerous politically to the Court than the war in Vietnam is to the present Court, said: "We have no more right to decline the exercise of jurisdiction which is given, than to usurp that which is not given. The one or the other would be treason to the Constitution." But our present Supreme Court continues to evade, by denial of certiorari, the most important constitutional question of the 20th century. □

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'EVERYONE WANTS A VOLVO!'

Finland's Summer of Discontent

DESMOND SMITH
A frequent visitor to the Soviet Union and Scandinavia, Mr. Smith is on the staff of CBS News. His latest book is Insider's Guide to Moscow, *to be published by Knopf.*

Stockman's Department Store in Helsinki's fashionable Aleksanterinkatu is an establishment where, rain or shine, grave Finnish ladies wearing severe little town hats spend their mornings shopping, before crossing Mannerheim Street to visit Café Primula for cream buns and *kahvi*. It is a store where sales assistants are reverential, transactions are conducted in a genteel atmosphere. Yet here in the food department a fearful commotion was taking place at the meat counter. A beet-faced lady was shouting, "The price of steak is 17 marks a kilo! *Kamalaa!*" Last summer Finland appeared to be full of housewives shouting *kamalaa!* (horrible!) at spiraling food prices, and no dinner-table discussions get far before someone brings up the question of *elinkustannukset*—a jaw-breaking Finnish compound word that means "the cost of living."

Looked at romantically, Finland is a fascinating geographical mélange of ice-blue lakes (more than 60,000 of them) that are really chains of waterways dotted with islands and islets, of granite-strewn farmland where lines of silver mist hang at dusk above the warm earth, of curling rivers and streams, and of deep, bird-silent forests that make a stranger think twice before entering. Finland's white flag with a blue cross superimposed is intended to symbolize this country. The cross represents Finland's myriad lakes; the white background stands for the deep snows of its long winters. It is a country the size of New England and New York combined; three-quarters of it is empty. As to national character, the Finns are not go-getters like their Swedish neighbors. They are reined in by caution and common sense; they possess a sense of public gloom and a capacity for private merriment.

A visitor quickly notices that this is a hard-working country. Finns rise early and usually are in bed by ten. The streets are jammed with traffic at six in the morning, almost deserted by nine in the evening. People drink large quantities of milk (the true national drink) and eat prodigious amounts of potatoes. Nearly every Finnish family owns a potato patch, or has access to one; they manage, goodness knows how, to consume 344 lbs. per capita a year, a starchy record topped only by the West Germans.

For all its old-fashioned virtues, the country seems gripped by a bad case of discontent. Going to Helsinki from Copenhagen is like leaving an amusement park and arriving at a seminar. By any measure Finland *ought* to be a vigorous and stable society. The standard of living has been steadily rising in the last decade; the nation's 4.6 million people are as energetic as any in the world. The country has no ethnic troubles; 92 per cent speak Finnish, about 7 per cent speak Swedish, and there are no more than a few thousand Lapps. In spite of the fact that every fifth voter in Finland supported the Communist Party in the last election, there is not the remotest prospect of a Communist take-over. What, then, has brought about the quibble and doubt?

The bank president in Lahti, a heavy-set man in his early 50s, is talking. Outside his modern office the green marble banking hall is as quiet as a church. The bank is crowded but the loudest noise is a calculating machine in the distance.

"We have two models in this country. The workers vote Communist but they demand Swedish prosperity. We are a capital-short nation, so we must depend on people saving; that is the Finnish way. What has been happening in recent years has been spending on a large scale. The result is we have a bad dose of inflation. The solution is thrift, but unfortunately everyone wants a Volvo!"

To put it succinctly, Finland is in a financial bind. The terms of trade have turned sharply against its dominant exports: pulp, paper and wood. Two years ago the government applied a strong dose of austerity—increased taxes and credit restrictions—to cool off the economy. It failed. Exports have continued to fall, imports have risen, and when the Finnish Treasury closed its books on 1971 the trade deficit was $450 million. Worst of all, the cost of living, about stable in 1970, jumped 9 per cent last year. Last summer, with the price of everything from coffee to household electricity going up, it began to seem to many Finns that the previously impregnable Finnish economy had developed some serious gaps.

The trade unions, unhappy with rising prices, displayed a new and militant indifference to the "U.K. Agreement." The initials stand for Urho Kekkonen, Finland's President, and the agreement—patterned on the famed Swedish model—is an incomes policy signed between the unions and the government and based on wage and price restraints. It came unstuck last year when the 115,000 members of the metalworkers' union decided to strike. Since then Finland has been plagued with the worst series of strikes in its recent history. In 1968 there were less than seventy strikes; in 1970 there were 240, and last year the figure jumped to 838. The situation is not showing any improvement. In the first three months of 1972 some 27,900 workdays were lost due to strikes.

Nastola is a suburb in the industrial city of Lahti, 90 miles from Helsinki. Mr. Jappinen, a sales executive for a plywood factory, is in his back garden preparing a barbecue. In the driveway is a firehouse-red Fiat; across the street a clearing has been made in a pine forest and a new apartment block is going up. A few hours ago, Jappinen returned from a fishing trip and now he is about to put a big bream into a special kind of "smoking" oven on top of the grill. Throwing juniper leaves into the oven, the fish on top, he closes the door and kindles the flames beneath. In about an hour the family will sit down to smoked fish. "The only thing wrong with Finland," Mr. Jappinen says, "is the fact that we don't have a government in Helsinki. What we have is a debating society."

There is some truth in this flat statement. What rules

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today is a weak and indecisive "caretaker cabinet." No single party won a majority in the last election, and the eight parties, ranging from the Finnish People's Democratic League (Communist) to the Conservatives, have been unable to form a coalition. Since the parties and their platforms are irreconcilable, members spend most of their time trying to work their adversaries into corners on controversial topics. None of this is particularly new. Since independence (1917) the Finns have had fifty-five different governments—thirty-five of these since the end of World War II. In Helsinki they tell you that this is a country of weak governments and strong Presidents.

At 72, Dr. Urho Kaleva Kekkonen is the perfect picture of a successful Finnish President. He is the Mayor Daley of Finnish politics, the political fixer par excellence, the undisputed boss of the government machine. Until quite recently, the chief political issue in Finland was the question of his succession. It was widely assumed that he would retire when his third-six-year term expired in 1974. Mr. Kekkonen, who has been installed in the Presidential palace since 1956, has now resolved the question—through Mr. Karjalainen, the former Prime Minister, he has let it be known that he will stay on as President if a majority of the electorate agrees. This would mean that the Constitution would have to be amended, possibly through a referendum, since only three terms are allowed by law.

To Jörn Donner, Finland's perennially "angry young man" and its best-known film director, the incessant political squabbling is a waste of time; what is meaningful to Donner is that Finland become a more open society. "In this country," he says, "there is danger—on the one side—that society stands with its institutions and they will not budge. On the other hand, we have too much criticism based on dogmatic Marxist ideas. The Marxists are like a doctor with a single prescription, SOCIALISM. The Communists talk of winning the next election. To me, that is not very realistic; they won 16 per cent of the vote in the last election. So what we have is a general left-wing discontent at what amounts to a stuffy and stagnant Establishment. Yet we have no strong liberal-labor alternative."

Donner is the man Finland's cultural elite love to hate ("the perfect Swede," says the literary editor of a leading Finnish newspaper). He is a bony, angular man with close-cropped brown hair. He speaks with a raspy voice that carries a note of impatience. Born of Swedish-speaking parents, he refused military service and worked instead as a hospital orderly. He wrote extensively for Swedish magazines and moved to Stockholm where he lived for five years. After working in the Swedish film industry he returned to Finland where he has continued to write books and make films ("always badly reviewed," he says bitterly). His most recent film, *Perkele!*, is a documentary that caused a furor with its outspoken comments on Finnish life.

Donner's apartment, overlooking Helsinki harbor, is lined with books. His desk is cluttered with scripts, copies of *Le Monde, New Statesman,* and Solzhenitsyn's *August 1914*. He says: "We are overwhelmed with politics in this country. To get a grant you must have a political message in your film or your book. Now I don't think the public wants this. Since 1968 I haven't had a penny of state support for any of my films. You feel there is not much point in making feature films here under such circumstances."

And what is Donner doing next?

"I'm moving back to Sweden."

What a visitor notices immediately in Helsinki is the architecture. The carved and strangely textured buildings, built of pink or gray granite, really make you feel you are in the northernmost capital, as remote and unyielding as the stone itself.

The gulls wheeling overhead (they seem to shriek "go home, go home!") remind you that this is a water capital. Its canals and harbors are in the middle of the city. It is a half-old, half-new city; the fine squares and museums, the churches and Presidential palace belong to the 18th and 19th centuries. The newer buildings show the influence of Finnish nationalism and such buildings as Aalto's new Finlandia House have an almost confectionary flamboyance. Close to 600,000 people live here—roughly one-tenth of the country's population. Yet to a resident of any other city the most striking thing about Helsinki is not so much its postcard grandeurs as the fact that he can actually get around the city comfortably on foot.

There is plenty of local individuality, not only in speech and habits but also in attitude. Its inhabitants like to remind a foreigner that Helsinki has more daily newspapers than New York City. There are some fourteen papers, four of them Swedish. The biggest of them is a Finnish-language daily, *Helsingen Sanomat*, with a circulation of 269,000 copies. The local appetite for book reading is well known. I was told, and believe, that Finland's book-buying average leads the world. The Finns established 100 per cent literacy a century ago by ruling that nobody could marry who could not read. The modern and superb Akateeminen Kirjakauppa (Academic Bookstore) is the largest bookstore in Europe. Its shelves are lined with thousands of books in Swedish, French, German, English, Russian, Dutch, Italian and Spanish, as well as Finnish.

Since the SALT talks, the city has acquired a certain veneer of international dash. It is, however, a long way from being world-weary. It is possible to dine in a ten-story multiple restaurant called Torni (Tower) or in a Russian restaurant—Troika—with an atmosphere as thick as borscht that is like a page torn out of Tolstoy. But "Helsinki," a local journalist remarked, "is the only Scandinavian city that offers the maximum of temptation with the minimum of vice."

The man sitting opposite is eating his way methodically through a plate of onions and pork stew. After each forkful he takes a huge gulp of beer, and burps. Through the brown splodge of tobacco smoke several other customers in this Helsinki bar are sitting with glazed expressions on their faces. After his fifth beer, followed by a port wine chaser, my silent table companion shoves his food aside, pays his check and weaves toward the exit. There, with a practiced gesture, the uniformed doorman gives him a brisk shove into the street.

It is 1:15 in the afternoon.

In spite of the best efforts of the Friends of Temperance, the Finnish Social Democratic Temperance League and

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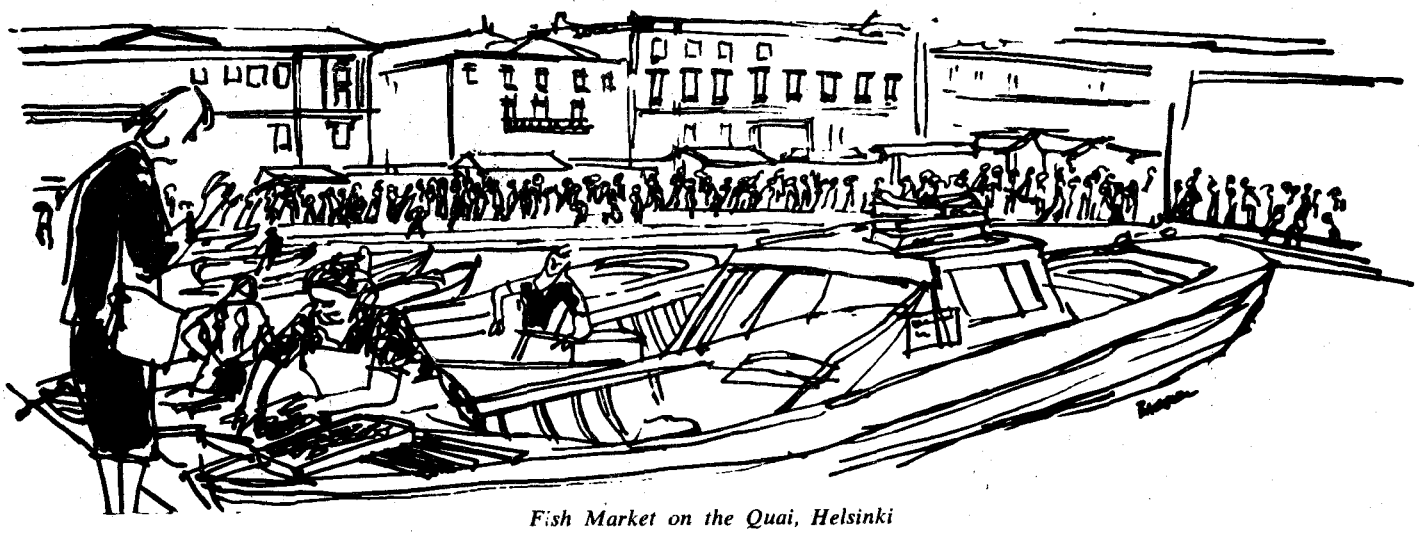

Fish Market on the Quai, Helsinki

the Center for Temperance Work, all the available statistics show that drinking is on the increase in Finland. A visitor may not see a reindeer, but he can hardly avoid meeting a drunk. Finnish drunks are among the most vivid, unhappy and life-annihilating to be found anywhere.

Finland has three times as much public drunkenness as Sweden, *eight times* as much as Denmark. In 1970 there were an astonishing 175,000 arrests for drunkenness —every tenth Finnish male over the age of 21 found himself that year in trouble with the law because of alcohol. Every so often there is a national campaign to stem the flood of drunkenness; it doesn't seem to do much good. When I asked a Finnish colleague why the government did not crack down in some way, he smiled. "You see, the government *owns* the liquor business."

Ever since the repeal of Prohibition in 1932, the sole right to manufacture, import, export, sell and control the serving of drinks has belonged to a state monopoly known as ALKO. This branch of the government does an annual business of some $250 million. Its profits, after a 7 per cent annual dividend is paid on its 60,000 shares (all but two of which are owned by the government) is spent on social welfare. As my Finnish friend wryly observed: "That's the money we use to reform our drunks."

Above and beyond everything else, this is a shirt-sleeve society, a nation of blue-collar workers. The Communists like to make mild propaganda about Finland's "Twenty Families," whom they describe as a power elite controlling the national wealth. But the bone and sinew of this gritty country is not to be discovered in sober-suited bankers on Helsinki's Mannerheim Street but in the 1.5 million industrial workers who provide the muscle. It is Finland's Matti Virtanen (John Smith)—with his average wage of $280 a month and his family of four—who has put Finnish icebreakers in the Soviet Arctic and placed Finnish newsprint on the presses of half the newspapers of the world.

Sixty years ago Finland was a remote, largely agricultural society, a sleepy appendage of imperial Russia. Today it is still a remarkably quiet country, but there is a steady migration from north to south as workers leave the small farms for better jobs in the new cities. The most common Finnish surnames reflect a closeness to the land —Virtanen (stream), Jokinen (river), Järvinen (lake) and Lahtinen (bay); but the Virtanens, Jokinens, Järvinens and Lahtinens are now becoming city dwellers. About 60 per cent of the population lives in southern Finland.

Lahti, about 80 miles above Helsinki, is a vivid example of urban-industrial growth. The city has a population of 93,000, of whom perhaps 33,000 arrived in the last decade. A spacious, friendly town, it is growing like crab grass in all directions. It has glaringly new factories stacked like packing cases in the surrounding woods, a broad, cobbled market square, two Olympic-sized ski jumps.

Lahti prides itself on its conservative ways; there are dozens of patriotic, fraternal, neighborhood and other societies. A sign in the city's leading hotel announces that the Lions Club meets there every Thursday. The city administration is archetypically Finnish, a coalition of seventeen Conservatives, three Liberals, fifteen Social Democrats and ten Communists.

Jussi Tanskanen, Lahti's leading Conservative, and the administrative director of ISKU Furniture Co., took me to lunch at a "quick-bar" not far from his office. He drew a diagram of the power structure of Lahti, and discussed with lively gestures the characteristics of his community. He thinks that Lahti has developed almost too quickly, and that the city hasn't got the recognition from the central government that a town of its size deserves. "Our chief problem is we cannot get our forces together," he says, adding that quarreling in city council "deflates our prospects for state economic aid."

The most improbable radical in Lahti is the boss of the local Communist Party, a sunny-natured woman in her mid-40s named Eila Sirnelä. In addition to running the local branch of the party, she is deputy chairman of the City Council and head of a travel agency that specializes in tours to Russia and other Communist countries.

In a rather direct way she and Tanskanen represent two sides of the Finnish equation. Tanskanen—cosmopolitan, reserved, cautious, and fluent in English. He is a frequent visitor to London and Paris, and yet a businessman who looks to Russia for the sort of lucrative contracts that have kept ISKU busy in recent years. "With a Soviet contract we can enjoy a long production run—our most

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profitable kind of scheduling," he says with a a smile. Mrs. Sirnelä—insular, militant, outgoing and Russian-speaking. At least as often as Tanskanen travels to London to sell furniture, she goes to Moscow with what she describes as "groups of Finnish workers." In recent years she has been delighted to see that more and more Finnish businessmen are following her route. A local banker suggested I ask Mrs. Sirnelä: does the Soviet Union intend to win with trade what it cannot win at the ballot box?

"That is nonsense, of course," she replied. "I can tell you, however, that we tell the people of Lahti that about one-third of them earn their living directly from trade with the USSR." She thinks it quite logical that trade with the Soviets should continue to expand, and that this would be a favorable situation for Lahti. "You see, with England, for instance, we have traditionally sold our *wood* to them and they have done the manufacturing. In the case of the Soviet Union they buy our *furniture*. This creates many jobs here in Lahti." She feels that Lahti's chief problem is high personal taxation. "Of our city budget the workers pay 82.5 per cent, the factories pay 17.5 per cent. Now when you think of the capital these factories possess, well, you cannot compare this with workers' incomes." She pointed out that the average annual income in Lahti was 6,000 finmarks a year ($1,500); a reason for this low figure, she said, was the large number of women in the work force, "where they earn the minimum rate of 3 to 4 finmarks an hour" (75¢ to $1).

Finland, like its famous long-distance runners, appears to be catching its collective breath at the moment. The phenomenal shift from an agricultural to a predominantly industrial nation remains the great fact of the past twenty-five years. If Finland is going through a period of self-doubt and introspection it is largely the result of this dramatic change. In spite of lush travel posters, with their emphasis on old farmhouses, quiet lakes and silent woods, modern Finland has become another credit-financed modern industrial economy.

The shifting of that economy toward industrialization has affected the whole texture of Finnish life. There are people alive today in Finland who can recall when owning a cow and a horse represented prosperity. But the days of poverty and endurance, of tuberculosis and war, are memories of a past that is now part of Finnish literature. Given the opportunity, the Finns have seized it with both hands. The population has moved from farm to town in such numbers that at present two out of four Finns live in cities. Indeed, one-fourth of all Finns now live in the country's five biggest cities. Paradoxically, this new prosperity is fueling the present troubles.

Up until now the eight political parties have been too busy quarreling to give any thought to a common approach. Prosperity has split, fractured, fissioned the Finns as never before in their long history. The stirring togetherness and robust spirit of cooperation that have always distinguished Finnish character appear to be fading.

And the image of the self-sacrificing Finnish worker who puts national solidarity before his wage packet is, to say the least, a bit tarnished. While Finnish wives grumble about rising prices, their husbands are probably on strike for higher wages. Bankers in Helsinki are shaking their heads over new foreign loans to cover budget deficits; politicians are complaining about the forthcoming elections and the Presidential palace is dark. (True to his style, President Kekkonen is taking the present crisis calmly—he has gone fishing.) But Kekkonen is known to be a man, who, once he has taken his soundings, moves decisively. The feeling is that something must be done. Perhaps once again "dear old Urkki"—as Finns affectionately call him—has an answer. But unless he makes some brisk moves before he celebrates his sixteenth year in office, he may find that even a President of Finland can succumb to *"elinkustannukset"*—the cost of living. □

LETTERS (*Continued from page 290*)

fatal fragging of two white officers. Smith claims he is innocent, the victim of a frame-up by racist white officers.

The trial has started at Fort Ord, near Monterey, Calif. The jury is not made up of Smith's peers but totally of career officers. Despite the odds and the obstacles, it is possible to achieve justice in this case. Money is needed to bring witnesses from great distances. Smith's attorney, Luke McKissack, has donated time and money for more than a year, traveling to Vietnam and Japan to enlist witnesses and uncover evidence. He is near the end of his resources.

I ask your readers to join Vietnam Veterans Against the War, the Berrigan brothers, Jane Fonda, Shirley Chisholm, the Reverend Abernathy and scores of others in support of this courageous, remarkable young man who dared to speak his mind and conscience against this unconscionable war. Perhaps that is his crime in the eyes of his accusers.

Please send contributions to: The Billy Dean Smith Defense Fund, 6430 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

Lester Cole

take courage

Portland, Ore.

DEAR SIRS: Henry Villard, who reported the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates for foreign newspapers and who followed Lincoln during his first Presidential campaign, was a great admirer of Abraham Lincoln. Nevertheless, after the election of 1860 Villard had some misgivings about Lincoln. On November 19, 1860 he wrote, "I doubt Mr. Lincoln's capacity for the task of bringing light and peace out of the chaos that will surround him. A man of good heart and good intention, he is not firm."

This friend and admirer of Abraham Lincoln was an early backer of Thomas Edison, and later became head of the Northern Pacific Railroad and owner of the *New York Evening Post*. His son, Oswald Garrison Villard, was editor of *The Nation*.

Alfred A. Knopf wrote that reporter Henry Villard in the end "had fallen completely under the spell of that remarkable personality; he had become convinced that, whatever the test, Abraham Lincoln would rise to meet it."

And so, friends of George McGovern, take courage—you who are concerned that he is a man of good heart and good intention but not firm. . . .

Reuben Leske

correction

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: In our article in your June 12th issue, "Who Owns the Private Governments?" Senator Metcalf and I wrote that an unknown voter controlled 15 per cent of Texaco's stock. That is not correct because of a keypunching error in the study which was our source, the Securities and Exchange Commission's Institutional Investors Study Report. Texaco's largest stockholder has approximately 1.5 per cent of the stock.

Vic Reinemer

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Poet as Cock of the North

LUCKY POET. *By Hugh MacDiarmid. University of California Press. 436 pp. $12.95.*

GEORGE WOODCOCK
Mr. Woodcock is a historian, biographer and literary critic. He has recently published a study of Aldous Huxley.

In dealing with a writer so garrulous as Christopher Murray Grieve (better known by his *nom de plume* of Hugh MacDiarmid) it is always wise to get in with one's own view beforehand. So—for the time being ignoring the particular book I am reviewing—let me begin by saying that MacDiarmid was one of the prime literary eccentrics of between-the-wars Britain, a time and place given to colorful personalities and emphatic literary stances. His *First Hymn to Lenin*, published in 1931, was acknowledged by Cecil Day Lewis to be the real pioneer work of the leftist thirties, and MacDiarmid, though he detested the Audens and the Spenders and was pointedly ignored by them, was their true precursor. He contrived at one period to be simultaneously a member of the Scottish Nationalist Party (which he helped to found) and of the Communist Party of Great Britain, while at the same time—together with Ezra Pound—fervently advocating the Social Credit theories of Major Douglas. But all these varied claims to attention seem less important in MacDiarmid's own mind than his role as a reviver of Scots poetry. In the comment he contributed to that recent compendious reference book, *Contemporary Poets of the English Language* (1970), he insisted:

> My purpose as a poet has been to revive the independent Scottish tradition of poetry, and to that end to restore the literary use of Scots for all the purposes of modern literary expression. . . . The opinion has been widely expressed that I am the first poet to employ Scots as a medium for high poetry. I believe this to be correct, and other aspects of my more recent poetry have been hailed as bracketing me as a Communist poet with Neruda, Yevtushenko, and Brecht.

As I was involved in assembling the material for *Contemporary Poets of the English Language* I know that MacDiarmid must have written these words three or four years ago. Yet the motivations that inspire them show remarkably little change from those evident in *Lucky Poet*, which is now being republished to celebrate the 80th birthday of Christopher Grieve and, as far as I can calculate, the 50th birthday of "Hugh MacDiarmid," since it was round about 1922 that Grieve began to emphasize his Scottishness by using a pukka Highland clan name to which, as that equally irascible Scot, Roy Campbell, once pointed out, he had no hereditary right whatever.

Lucky Poet was started in the late 1930s, when MacDiarmid had retired to the island of Whalsey in the Shetlands, about as near to Ultima Thule as one could get while remaining in the British Isles; there he lived as a quasi-hermit, sustained by a worldwide correspondence with other literary outcasts, popping down to Edinburgh at fairly frequent intervals to scandalize the listeners of BBC programs with his rabidly anti-English broadcasts, and a little less frequently traveling south to taste the illicit pleasures of the English metropolis, for, despite his fervent Anglophobia, in print and in public speech, MacDiarmid had many English friends (most of whom, he tried to persuade himself, were really Welsh, Irish or at least disguised Americans), and he was also happy to publish in London those of his works (including the first and second *Hymns to Lenin* and also the first edition of *Lucky Poet*) which good Scots publishers were too cautious to undertake. Owing to the onset of war, *Lucky Poet*, finished in 1941, was not published until 1943, when Grieve-MacDiarmid, for the first time in his life, was fulfilling the myth of himself as proletarian by doing war work in a Clydeside engineering works.

Some cautious person has subtitled *Lucky Poet* "A Self-Study in Literature and Political Ideas, being the Autobiography of Hugh MacDiarmid." And the precaution was undoubtedly necessary, for though Grieve appears to have set out with the best intention of telling his readers how he became the poet he then was and still is, the intent is quickly frustrated by his alter ego MacDiarmid's garrulousness and braggadocio, and the narrative of his life is soon submerged in great waves of argument and boasting, as he remembers and relives old literary quarrels, drops illustrious names in whole sticks like bombs, and quotes from the vast store of favorable reviews and letters which he has obviously collected and preserved with pack-rat obsessiveness. (There is a certain engaging naïveté about this process, for MacDiarmid occasionally quotes as genuine praise those diplomatically flattering letters which editors will sometimes write to touchy authors whose work they reject; T. S. Eliot is among these damners whose faint praise MacDiarmid takes as a compliment.)

Something of the flavor of *Lucky Poet* can be gained from one among many of its passages of self-commendation. I have chosen merely a single example, and that is one in which MacDiarmid keeps his boasting relatively within bounds:

> Who am I that I should write an autobiography? I am the author of about twenty books and enough uncollected essays to make twice as many again; I have written plays, poems, short stories, literary, dramatic, and musical criticism, essays on politics, economics, agriculture, and volumes of biography and topography; I have been hailed in many quarters as the greatest Scottish poet since Burns (even if Robert Graves sarcastically emphasizes the *since*!) or —the way I prefer it put—as one of a trinity with Burns and Dunbar; I have provided what are generally acknowledged by competent authorities to be the best translations of the two greatest Gaelic poems—Alexander MacDonald's "Birlinn of Clanranald" and Duncan Ban MacIntyre's "In Praise of Ben Dorain"; I have translated a novel from the Spanish; I have done what ex-Prince Mirsky regards as the best translation of modern Russian poetry in any dialect in English; I have known (or know—many of my most famous friends have died in the last few years) "AE" (G. W. Russell), W. B. Yeats, Professor Patrick Geddes, A. R. Orage, James Pittendreigh MacGillivray, Lascelles Abercrombie, R. B. Cunninghame-Graham, Keir Hardie, William Archer, "Lewis Grassic Gibbon," and many more; almost everybody I know of I would wish to have known. . . . And I claim to have been the inspirer and central figure (there are others who deny my claim and prefer their own) in a political movement which is becoming increasingly important, but the real potentialities, and inevitability, of which is [*sic*] still little suspected in Scotland itself, and hardly at all outside Scotland. . . .

There is more, even in this passage, than one wishes to continue quoting, and elsewhere in the book one finds more curious boasts: that Grieve was born with unique holes in his ear lobes which fascinated doctors who believed them to be vestigial gills; that when he first went to Edin-

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burgh, a boy without achievements, everyone on Princes Parade would turn to stare in wonder as he passed by; that by the time he left home at 14 he had read all the 12,000 books in the local library.

The sad thing is that there is no need at all for this relentless bragging, for MacDiarmid is an interesting and talented man who has had a life worth telling about that somehow becomes lost in all the irrelevancies by which he tries to trap our attention, which of course escapes irremediably by the time one comes to the twentieth newspaper feud with obscure Scottish bureaucrats, or the thirtieth scorching outburst of Anglophobia or the fortieth ranting denunciation of his fellow Scots as—most of them—wretched and cowardly trucklers to the imperialists south of the border.

Basically, the aspects of his career that have made MacDiarmid one of the most interesting British writers of his time, as well as (partly through his own enthusiastic promotion of unpopularity) one of the most neglected, are those I listed at the beginning of this review—his left-wing politics and his efforts to turn them into literature, his fervent Scots nationalism and his efforts to re-create a Scots (as distinct from a Gaelic) literature, and—in the long run most important—his actual poetry. What came of it all?

MacDiarmid's politics, for all his membership of so many conflicting and mutually incompatible movements (from two of which he was at least once expelled) were entirely the expression of a flamboyant and rebellious personality, for temperamentally, as he would occasionally admit, MacDiarmid was an individualist anarchist of the most extreme kind, incapable of any sustained cooperative work. He became a supporter of Social Credit, like many British writers of his time, largely from personal loyalty to A. R. Orage, who did so much in the *New Age* and the *New English Weekly* to encourage unpopular writers as well as unpopular causes. His communism, always of the Left deviationist type, was undoubtedly more passionate than the gentlemanly version personified in Auden and Spender, and it led him to write some fine poems, in both English and Scots, but it had no lasting influence either on Scottish politics or on the school of Scots vernacular poets to whom he became not quite so much the Messiah as John the Baptist.

MacDiarmid's literary and political patriotism is quite another matter. There is no doubt that in the Celtic fringelands of Britain—Ireland, Scotland, Wales and Cornwall (as today in Canada, both Francophone and Anglophone)—poets and writers in general have been to a very great extent the inspirers of nationalist movements which in the thirties—except in Ireland—seemed merely the romantic pastimes of literary men, but which have now become movements with political leverage if not yet with mass support. MacDiarmid's part in founding the Scottish Nationalist Party (though exactly what that part may have been is not easy to establish in a movement given to passionate infighting) is, however, less important in the longer view than the impetus which his theorizing and his practical example gave to the revival of Scots (or Lallans) as a literary language. It is true that Scots has not taken on greatly except in poetry, but there it has been used with remarkable effect not only by MacDiarmid himself (a sensitive rural landscapist as well as a great polemical versifier), but also by fine lyrical poets like William Soutar and Sidney Goodsir Smith.

In his advocacy of Scots as a literary tongue, and of Scottish separatism in general, MacDiarmid has behaved with an irrational passion to which at least *Lucky Poet* gives us many of the necessary clues. It is significant that he was not a Highland Scot, a real clansman, but a man from the Border country where breeds and bloods are mixed and yet where regional feuds run high. I remember how Herbert Read, the mildest man on earth, but a Yorkshireman from the old kingdom of Northumbria, would speak with passionate bitterness of the Scots and their claims to the Border country and the Border ballads, both of which he insisted were Northumbrian and entirely English. And (I speak as a Welshman and therefore without any vested interest in either side of the quarrel) there is no doubt that MacDiarmid's attempt to treat Scots as a separate language is quite indefensible; Gaelic is the native language of Scotland, and Lallans or Lowland Scots is a dialect that derives from the Northumbrian form of Old English, modified constantly by Middle and Modern English, so that it is today more comprehensible to a Londoner than the Middle English of Chaucer. Even MacDiarmid's contention that it contains many words unknown south of the border is no argument, for many English local dialects contain words incomprehensible elsewhere in the country, and any patient English reader can follow MacDiarmid's own Scots poems (which were regularly published in London magazines) with little difficulty.

I would suggest that, far from being a language of Empire, as MacDiarmid suggests, English has always been a language of Commonwealth, attracting the Celts whose own languages were declining from purely local causes, and accepting enrichment from their traditions and sensibilities. Certainly MacDiarmid was accepted far more generously in London literary circles than in those of Edinburgh during the 1930s, and there are times when—grudgingly—he admits it. □

Two Vocations, Two Careers

PRIVATE FACES/PUBLIC PLACES. *By Abigail McCarthy. Doubleday & Co. 448 pp. $8.95.*

CATHARINE R. STIMPSON
Ms. Stimpson teaches English at Barnard. Her latest publication is a contribution to Woman in Sexist Society *(Basic Books).*

Perhaps only future historians will appreciate what Abigail McCarthy has accomplished in her autobiography *Private Faces/Public Places.* They will realize that in rendering the self she has anatomized an age. We may demand either too much gossip or too much gaudiness. The dignity that is her pride may make us uncomfortable. Our loss.

Private Faces/Public Places is the finest example I know of its peculiar genre: the memoirs of the American politician's wife. The role demands nothing less than the abdication of the self and the acceptance of anxiety. The book is a litany of the pressures of cynical public scrutiny, the uncertainty about a politician's tenure, the tension between life in Washington and a home district, the doubts about personal indispensability, the search for a vocation, the fear that any family error will hurt one's husband. Mrs. McCarthy tells of waking up after every interview to recall desperately one phrase that might have been damning to Gene.

Mrs. McCarthy, who abjures bitterness, says, "I do not regret that for thirty years, in the words of Simone de Beauvoir, 'I spontaneously preferred another existence to my own.'" Though she offers a model many of us will never follow—one which I suspect she herself might not choose again—we must believe her. Indeed, what is striking about her choice is its comparative freedom. An independent single woman, a writer, teacher and lecturer, she deliberately made herself loyal to her husband and his career. She took on the burden of convention which, she tells

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us, she had as a child learned to respect.

Abigail Quigley and Eugene J. McCarthy met in 1938 when they were teaching high school in North Dakota. They were serious, high-minded, literate, intellectual Irish Catholic liberals; he more sternly Catholic than she, she more open and responsive than he. St. John's Abbey, a Benedictine monastery in Minnesota, and the European refugees teaching in that state helped to develop their common interest in liturgical reform and radical social action.

Their courtship and the early part of their marriage, described with delicacy and verve, has the ominous poignancy of an Edward Hopper painting. Like LaFollette, Norris, even Taft in his way, they were idealists from the Midwest, a human type that has so often renewed American politics. After their marriage in 1945, they lived for a year on a farm, hoping to found a rural commune of scholars, artists and writers. McCarthy's first political victory, his election to Congress in 1948, was the result of hard work, respect for the electorate, spontaneous grass-roots energy, and the conviction of a young and powerless group that the old and powerful were morally and socially obsolete—a prophecy of his 1968 Presidential campaign.

The McCarthys' lives after 1948 dramatize an American irony: the more publicly successful the man, the more painful his private life. Mrs. McCarthy, like a good novelist, has prepared us for the pain. Their marriage had been delayed for seven years—not simply because they were poor; not simply because of World War II; but because McCarthy broke the engagement in order to study for the priesthood. He had, it appears, in trying to reconcile his feeling for her and his call to the Church, even suggested that she join a convent. He thought they might follow the Catholic tradition of a couple who unite in spirit in order to do God's work on earth.

Once married, Mrs. McCarthy must have been tired much of the time, with the pervasive fatigue of the housewife. For a while she was dependent upon pills. Between 1947 and 1957 she had four babies, took part in five campaigns, and moved house nearly thirty times. Gradually, the marriage and the family, to which Catholicism and love had committed both Gene and Abigail, became more and more of a show, a public necessity for a public man. She became less partner than peripheral figure. McCarthy's staff and political friends, who found her a rival for his blessing, sought to supplant her. She learned that a Congressional staff, like a wife, derives its excitement and authority from a patriarchal leader and jealously seeks his exclusive patronage. The passage from faith to a sense of loss occurred when McCarthy found a conflict between his staff and his wife "amusing." She writes, "I had assumed perfect openness and trust. His attitude now, typically masculine though it was, was shattering to me. Nothing later was such a blow."

As their marriage slipped from commitment to convention, so did their trust in contemporary American politics and economics. The deterioration was slow, even imperceptible. Mrs. McCarthy thinks of 1966, only two years before the 1968 Chicago Democratic convention, as one of the happiest years of her mature life. The deterioration was also less willed than compelled. One of the book's most attractive figures is the McCarthys' daughter Mary, an anti-war activist, who pushed her parents toward rebellion.

Private Faces/Public Places dramatizes the tragedy of a whole generation of liberals who took office after World War II. Survivors of a hated depression, they meant reform. They found themselves the sponsors and managers of Vietnam. The Chicago convention broke the entire generation open to reveal its heroes, martyrs, villains and dull normals. Mrs. McCarthy describes herself as Alice at the Mad Hatter's tea party, a metaphor of well-meaning innocence. She still wore white gloves and said the right things, and she was sickened by the violence and chaos. The story of the McCarthy campaign itself has alerted us to chaos; the stories about President Johnson, who looms behind the narrative like a nightmare ward boss, have alerted us to violence.

One convention anecdote summarizes the difference between the liberals like the McCarthys who finally rebelled against the politics of their generation, and the liberals like Humphrey who went along with them. The morning after Humphrey's nomination for President, his wife Muriel and Abigail McCarthy had coffee. Muriel had come to seek Abigail's help during the campaign. The women, who shared "many memories," were still friends. Then, out in the hotel hallway, Mrs. McCarthy asked Mrs. Humphrey to ask Hubert to ask Mayor Daley to call off the police. Mrs. Humphrey answered, "Who tells Daley anything?" Then she went on, ". . . anyway, the young people have to learn to accept majority rule. That's the democratic way." The two women could only stare at each other.

Given her life, Abigail McCarthy's autobiography must be Gene McCarthy's biography. He remains elusive. A loner, unable to be wholly frank, even with her, even at the beginning, he finds refuge in irony and makes enigma a metaphysical condition. She spares him the penalties of candor. She speaks of qualities of his that she distrusts—such as the biting irony—but she gives him immense respect and breathing room. There is little in *Private Faces/Public Places* to which any reasonable husband could take exception—except perhaps the fact that she dared to write it at all.

Her prose is a fit vehicle of her reticence. Her refusal to confess day-to-day intimacies makes her sensibility seem, probably deceptively, detached from sensuality. At its best, her style evokes moments of unexpected pain, as if feeling had been suppressed until it could no longer be contained. At its worst, she is guarded and evasive. She hints at duress, only to slip away. An example:

> Later, in the campaign, I used to go back to those New Hampshire clips to reassure myself that whatever unsought and strange roles were thrust upon me in the campaign of '68, that at least in my traditional role I had done Gene no harm.

One asks what those unsought and strange roles were; how this woman—often anxious, always sensitive—man

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aged at all. She has apparently omitted, not the human detail of an act like brushing your teeth, but some terrible confrontation, the process of some last rejection.

To grasp the real moral and literary quality of the book, I suggest a comparison to *A White House Diary*. Lady Bird Johnson and Abigail McCarthy respect each other. Lady Bird says Abigail was one of her favorites among the Senate wives for "character, intelligence, and just plain goodness." Abigail says Lady Bird stands high on her "private list of great women of Washington." Each sacrificed her autonomy for a man whom she found exceptional.

However, Lady Bird went back to her ranch. "I loved almost every day of these five years," she states incredibly about her stay in the White House. We do not know exactly where Abigail McCarthy is—perhaps in the home in Washington that "Gene left . . . in August of 1969." We do know that she is looking at "injustice in the fierce light of [her children's] outrage," that she seems far more conscious a feminist. She has also learned to "affirm whatever was positive." So taught, she is trying to salvage what is good from the past for the sake of the present.

Abigail McCarthy is like one of her pioneer ancestors, going through a home that she must leave, trying to discover what she should take with her, and trying to decide what she will need to "withstand the assault of change." Her autobiography is the voice of a witness and also the revelation of a pilgrim who had progress forced upon her, one who has had the wit, the bearing, the honesty and grace to respond with courage. □

Feminist or Bohemian Artist?

GEORGE SAND: A Biography of the First Modern, Liberated Woman. *By Samuel Edwards. David McKay Co. 271 pp. $6.95.*

EVE POCQUET SOURIAN
Mrs. Sourian is assistant professor of romance languages at the City College, CUNY. She is at present collaborating on a book about George Sand, and has also written about Mme. de Stael.

This biography succeeds *Lélia, or the Life of George Sand* by André Maurois, published in 1954. Lélia is the heroine of the early novel which established George Sand's fame. According to Maurois, the autobiographically inspired Lélia is the archetype of woman in search of the absolute, in search of love. "George Sand," wrote Maurois, "attached little importance to her work; her real striving was for the Absolute—at first in Romantic Love, then in Love of the People, and finally in the love of her grandchildren, of nature, and of God."

Samuel Edwards' book is oriented in another direction, as can be seen from its subtitle. "Certainly," writes Edwards, "she was the prototype of modern woman. She was the first who published her challenge of institutions, mores and customs that had enslaved members of her sex for thousands of years, who not only demanded sexual equality but lived accordingly." He goes on to say, "Thanks to her example, scores of women were working on newspapers, writing books, poems, and plays, and making their own influence felt through publishing."

It is perhaps a distortion to interpret the life of George Sand as having had such historic importance in the development of the condition of women, and a distortion to emphasize those aspects of her personality which fit our own preoccupations regarding the role and status of women in present-day society.

In order to understand the behavior of George Sand one must view it in the context of the 1830s. The new society then emerging from the Revolution and the Empire was one essentially dominated by the bourgeoisie and ordered by the Napoleonic Code, which did not take women's rights into consideration at all. (A condition which has only recently been modified in France.) Edwards points out that women then were totally dependent on their husbands even if, as in the case of George Sand and Casimir Dudevant, it was the woman who brought wealth to the marriage.

When George Sand left Dudevant and went to Paris he gave her a very small allowance, not enough to live on, but one without which she would have been entirely helpless. The Baron was also magnanimous enough, considering the time, to let her have custody of their children. Lastly, if she was able to liberate herself, it was also because of her special talents, which allowed her to earn money as a writer and editor. Thus, in the literal sense, she was exceptional.

Though Edwards tells us all this, he does not sufficiently bring out two facts. First, that such liberation had always been possible among a certain moneyed elite (take Necker's daughter, Mme. de Staël, for example). Second, that George Sand's example does not really appear to have had a remarkable effect in her own time, reminding us that economic changes may be a necessary condition for truly broad changes in mores.

Edwards also asserts that by wearing trousers, smoking cigarettes, and by refusing the double standard in sex and love, George Sand showed she was "unable and unwilling to accept even a symbol of masculine superiority without protesting. . . ." But the assertion needs qualification. Again, historical perspective is somewhat wanting here; if indeed George Sand was so preoccupied with freeing herself from what she may have considered the slavery that is womanhood, the fact that Ed-

GOING ON

The shock and dazzle of your naked body.
Only a darkness, uncovers it.
It is
A cloud, all light held within. Until
It opens, a dream drifting.
Then sounds,
Like pulses of the sun in my blood,
The red falls and silences of the heart.

It is all power, but speaks in the manner
Love should speak. Not lust—that barbarous, awe-struck.
It chooses the world of my body,
To speak symbols of its own beginning.

That speech is falling, rising, going on,
As we bring more blood to each place we touch,
And find a glowing golden weight within
All under the cool blue skin of the sky.

Raphael Rudnik

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wards slights the context of Romanticism makes his conclusions rather less compelling than they might be.

He does admit that she started wearing trousers to save money because her Bohemian friends couldn't always afford restaurants where "decent" women were admitted; if she wanted to be taken elsewhere, it would be prudent not to draw attention to herself as a woman. In the theatre too, the cheapest places were not for a woman like the wife of the Baron Dudevant. But what Edwards doesn't mention is that for this young woman in flight from the tyrannies of provincial society, to become an artist was to become a member of Bohemia, was to be like her student and artist compatriots now living in the Latin Quarter—a life which, popularized by Murger, today seems conventional. For her, it was a matter of entering literary life by adopting the excesses of Romanticism to the point of caricature.

It was the *conventional* pose of the artist, after all, that Aurore Dudevant was adopting. It had become a convention that the artist looked out on the world from a garret window; with such a stage set, the costume naturally followed, and the masculine clothing affected by the young woman novelist was a uniform rather than a sign of emancipation. In this sense she ought to be seen as part of an entire generation of artists. For she was, really, in conformist agreement with her confrères in the matter of shocking the bourgeoisie with fantastic dress, airs and remarks. The antagonism between the artist and society was overwhelmingly the main theme of those artists who, in order to live, were dependent on the prosaically bourgeois patronage of M. Jourdain. For the Revolution, in terminating the period of the elite aristocratic Maecenases, had inaugurated a commercialized system of patronage which continues to this day.

Nor should it be forgotten that George Sand loved mystification for its own sake to the end of her days, and enjoyed her somewhat eccentric reputation in spite of protestations to the contrary (a reputation which contributed to her great popular success). Edwards has amusing tales to tell on that score.

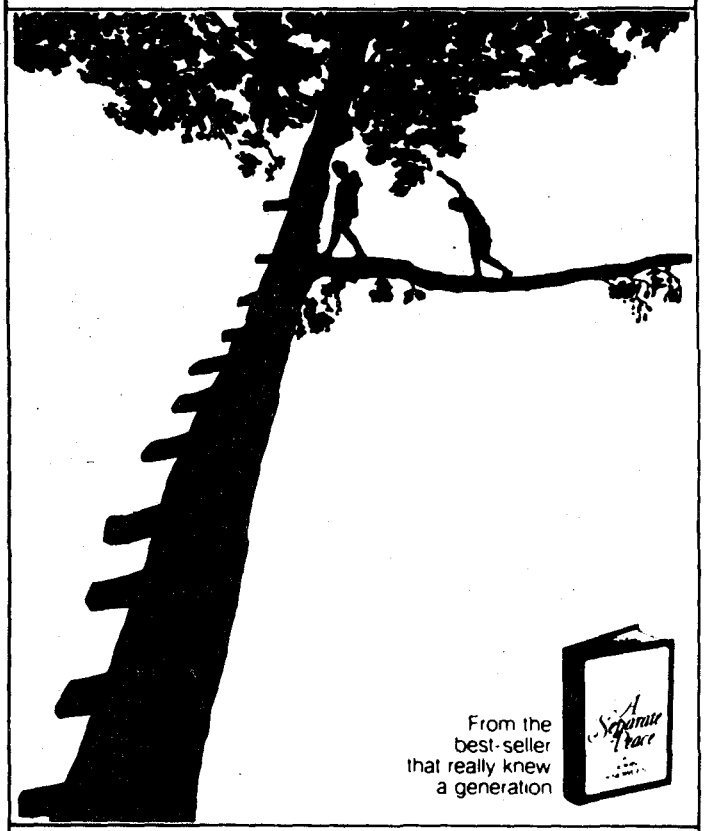
He also interestingly recounts her repeated involvements with men weaker than herself. All her life she gravitated toward handsome, gifted men who were adolescent in mentality and looks, and physically frail. Each liaison turned bad, the weaker party avenging himself on the stronger. Edwards interprets these liaisons as indicative of her need to dominate the male. He also suggests that she seems to have never been sexually satisfied by any man, a suggestion which leads to the question of whether or not she was a Lesbian.

André Maurois, in his *Lélia,* avoids the problem. Another biographer, Pierre Salomon, contends that it is not possible to judge, given the evidence available. Edwards says that the most satisfying sexual relationship of George Sand's life was with the actress Marie Dorval, basing his assertion on what may seem to be rather scant evidence: a few letters which, considering the hyperbolic style of the day, seem at least ambiguous; a jealous lover's complaint; and George Sand's superficially masculine behavior.

But once again, how deep did this masculine behavior go? One wishes that Edwards himself had gone deeper in search of the answer. Though he reminds us that, strangely enough, she was indifferent toward feminist issues of the day (she was actually against woman suffrage), he is content to let the matter rest there, on a note of mild surprise.

Yet a careful reading of her work might have yielded some answers. Surely that large body of fiction, the creation of which took up so much of her life, reflected her own attitudes. Lélia says,

Gene remembered it all.
That summer during World War II,
the friendships at school,
and most of all,
***the tree* which changed their lives forever.**



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"As a woman I had only one noble destiny on earth—to love." Although Lélia found this idea unreachable, it remained her goal, and indeed it was a reality for practically all of George Sand's other heroines, each of whom seeks her happiness within the bounds of marriage. In one of her last novels she celebrates the conventional idea of love, complete with virginity before marriage and fidelity forever after.

Although Edwards' book is a good popular study and comes to grips with some of the issues presented by such an exceptional figure, none of these can be resolved without a profound examination of her work. "Her life is significant, a century after her death," Edwards writes, "far more because of her accomplishments as a woman than for her books and plays. . . ." But life and work are intimately connected; one cannot ignore the works of the artist called "The Queen of France" by some of her most illustrious literary contemporaries. □

Puerto Rico: A View from Inside

PROBLEMS OF SOCIAL INEQUALITY IN PUERTO RICO. *Edited by Rafael L. Ramírez, Barry B. Levine and Carlos Buitrago Ortiz. Ediciones Librería Internacional, Río Piedras, Puerto Rico. 174 pp. (Also in a Spanish edition.) No price listed.*

KAL WAGENHEIM

Mr. Wagenheim spent ten years in Puerto Rico as a magazine editor, translator and correspondent for The New York Times. *His first book,* Puerto Rico: A Profile, *was issued by Praeger last year, and the same house will publish his anthology of Puerto Rican history in early 1973.*

Three years ago, while free-lancing in San Juan, it was my lot to edit a scientific survey entitled "Accidental Irradiation of the Gonads in Western Puerto Rico." Such esoterica aren't uncommon in the "goldfish bowl" of Puerto Rico: the island, and its people, have been polled, probed, prodded and tinkered with by scientists of every imaginable discipline (I'm confident that by now the gonads of the east have also received their due scrutiny).

The most widely circulated studies of the island—particularly in the field of human behavior—have been done by North Americans. And why not? Puerto Rico is small (3,500 square miles); compact (2.8 million people); accessible (three and a half hours from New York at a price amenable to even the skimpiest foundation grant); quite poor (which makes it exotic to the middle-class scholarly mind); and has heavenly beaches. With rare exceptions these studies, by outsiders, of the island's social dynamics, reflect cultural bias, if not downright ignorance. Of course, Puerto Rican scholars have created an ample body of serious research, but virtually none of their work has been translated into English by America's provincial book industry. This book is most welcome and refreshing because its six essays are by Puerto Ricans (except for one American co-author). Furthermore, all of the essays are instructive, and one of them is outstanding. Despite stylistic lapses (both Puerto Rican and *gringo* social scientists tend to litter their prose with jargon and pedantry) the book deserves a wide audience among those concerned with Puerto Rico, colonialism and the widening gap between rich and poor nations.

The authors represent a new breed in Puerto Rico. They question the dogma of their elders, and they make it clear to outsiders that they wish to define their country on their own terms, and not as seen through the rose- or gloom-tinted lenses of the tourist or the voyeur. In their anatomy of Puerto Rican society (pessimists might call it an autopsy), they analyze chronic poverty in what is often called "America's showcase of democracy in the Caribbean," an island whose "success story" has been held up as a model for developing nations. Avoiding hollow polemic, the authors seek the roots of Puerto Rico's dilemma by exploring various levels and sectors of the island's society: the rural and urban poor, the middle class, labor movements and the elites.

After World War II, Puerto Rico launched an ambitious industrial development program; today, its once stagnant rural society bristles with factories, supermarkets, cars, charge-account plates and attractive suburban homes with iron grilles and strong locks. The lead essay by Celia F. de Cintrón and Barry B. Levine traces this metamorphosis as it has manifested itself in agriculture, in the change from crops grown for food to crops as cash, and finally to the virtual demise of crops as a wage source (Puerto

TO JULIA DE BURGOS
(Translated from the Spanish by Grace Schulman)

The people are saying that I am your enemy,
That in poetry I give you to the world.

They lie, Julia de Burgos. They lie, Julia de Burgos.
The voice that rises in my verses is not your voice: it is my voice;
For you are the clothing and I am the essence;
Between us lies the deepest abyss.

You are the bloodless doll of social lies
And I the virile spark of human truth;

You are the honey of courtly hypocrisy; not I—
I bare my heart in all my poems.

You, like your world, are selfish; not I—
I gamble everything to be what I am.

You are only the serious lady. Señora. Doña Julia.
Not I. I am life. I am strength. I am woman.

You belong to your husband, your master. Not I:
I belong to nobody or to all, for to all, to all
I give myself in my pure feelings and thoughts.

You curl your hair and paint your face. Not I:
I am curled by the wind, painted by the sun.

You are the lady of the house, resigned, submissive,
Tied to the bigotry of men. Not I:
I am Rocinante, bolting free, wildly
Snuffling the horizons of the justice of God.

Julia de Burgos

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Rico now imports most of its oranges, for example, from the United States).

Cintrón and Levine assay the spectacular growth of Puerto Rico's GNP in the past three decades and contend that "contrary to the hopes of modern-day idealists . . . economic modernization does not automatically eliminate poverty." They show how the income pie grew between 1953 and 1969, and how the slice earned by the poorest one-fifth of the families shrank from 5 per cent to 4 per cent (the richest one-fifth of the families still receive more than half of total income). They point out that between 1953 and 1969 the poor (defined as families with less than $2,000 yearly income at 1953 prices) dropped from 78 to 39 per cent of the population. But before one hastily concludes that half of the poor now enjoy middle-class status, one learns that most of them were simply shown the door, to suffer elsewhere. (Between 1953 and 1969, more than 400,000 Puerto Ricans left to seek economic survival in the United States, and the exodus continues today.)

Carlos Buitrago Ortiz and Rafael L. Ramírez offer essays that examine the poor, from different perspectives, in rural and urban communities. Margaret Mead once said that people leave home "to escape from their in-laws." In a broader sense, Buitrago notes that many of the poor migrate due to "a profound feeling of the immobility of the social structure." He also deals with the erosion of traditional values and customs when migrants return, some of them embittered, but bearing with them notions of the "superiority" of the North American life style.

Ramírez, who takes on a tall order as the goal of his study—"to explain how a system of inequality and exploitation is maintained with the support of its victims"—doesn't wholly succeed. But he sheds considerable light on how the poor vote so as to curry favor with elected leaders, who take personal credit for all benefits that accrue to their constituents. (To give an idea of the deeply etched sense of dependency that exists, and is nurtured, in Puerto Rico, let me sketch an incident that occurred this past August 14 in the small town of Comerío, where Gov. Luis A. Ferré made a campaign talk. Standing in the plaza, the Governor shouted out rhetorical questions and the crowd replied in unison after this fashion: "Puerto Rico needs money, and where can that money be found?" he asked. "In Washington!" they replied. Later, he told them in folksy language how he often got on a plane to Washington to discuss the island's needs "with my good friend President Nixon.")

SOLITUDE

There now, where the first crumb
Falls from the table
You think no one hears it
As it hits the floor

But somewhere already
The ants are putting on
Their Quakers' hats
And setting out to visit you.

Charles Simic

Mariano Muñoz Hernández surveys Puerto Rico's new middle class which—in its flag-waving U.S. patriotism and ideological conservatism—closely resembles some elements of America's blue-collar class. In true Archie Bunker fashion, its members are heard to say that "there are no poor . . . only lazy people." Muñoz is critical of the middle class's attitudes, but he does not adequately examine its motives, and its plight as a victim caught in a rigid system.

Perhaps the liveliest essay is by the only nonacademician of the group, Roberto Sánchez Vilella, former governor (1964-68) and a top government aide for thirty years. Don Roberto—who takes aim at the political, intellectual and industrial-commercial elites of the island—is hardest on his own clan, who "use poverty as a tool for accumulating votes." At the conclusion of his essay, he offers one memorable reason why poverty persists in Puerto Rico. He tells of a recent visit to a penthouse restaurant in San Juan, where he was invited to speak before a group of business leaders:

> The windows showed, on one side, the new office buildings nearby. On the other side, the slums of Martín Peña, Tokío and Bravos de Boston. When I pointed out that from those windows one could clearly see the contrasts of poverty and opulence, do you know what one of the men present said? Simply that they'd have to put up a few curtains to eliminate that view.

The book's most original work is by A. G. Quintero Rivera, who argues compellingly against the theory that credits charismatic leaders with the success of social and political movements; this amounts to heresy in Puerto Rico, where the *lider máximo* concept dominates the history books. Instead, he shows how events respond to socioeconomic conditions. For example, the old Puerto Rican Socialist Party of the 1920s flourished in sugar cane country among the large landless proletariat who worked for absentee capitalists; but, despite the flamboyance of the party leader, Santiago Iglesias Pantín, it gained only a feeble grip on the semi-feudal peons of the small coffee and fruit plantations. More important, he explains why a strong labor movement has not yet emerged in Puerto Rico.. Had jobless or underpaid Puerto Ricans been trapped on their island, a huge wave of social protest—perhaps open revolt—would have been inevitable. But, rather than join in class-wide action, most workers took the escape-valve route: they joined the armed forces or migrated to the mainland. Also, he notes, the New Deal-style government that ruled Puerto Rico from 1940 to 1968, composed largely of technocrats who were the sons of the old land-owning aristocracy, co-opted the labor movement, taking the lead in labor legislation, and thus "reliving the paternalism of the old *hacienda* system."

In sum, this book depicts a society in constant flux, with the poor standing by as doleful witnesses. More than 400 years of selfish Spanish rule provided the basis for the problem, and seventy-four years of U.S. domination has simply changed the nature of its effects. Puerto Rico is a small capillary that leads to the huge, distant heart of the American economy. Industry and commerce are monopolized by U.S. investors, and governmental policies rarely stray from ground rules established in Washington. Unemployment and prices are high; wages are about half that of

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workers doing the same job on the mainland. The social ills of America are grotesquely amplified in its small Caribbean dependency.

No book (including this one) has yet to grasp the emerging reality that Puerto Rico is a divided nation, with 2.8 million people on the island, and 1.5 million Puerto Rican parents and their children in the diaspora. The constant back-and-forth flow, the dynamic interaction, of these sibling societies is given only cursory attention in these essays.

Now that Puerto Rico's social scientists are at least beginning to speak for themselves at home, I hope they'll soon seize the chance and invade the turf up north, to describe the odyssey of their compatriots in exile. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

At first the galleries in SoHo did no more than transfer uptown art to downtown spaces; recently the situation has improved, but not due to the dealers. Co-operative galleries are being formed to show the work of new artists who are short of places to exhibit, as commercial galleries have filled up and leveled off. The intake of artists into galleries in the 1960s has had the effect of closing out later artists whose emergence coincided with the present depression in art collecting.

The co-ops are large and plain spaces, and the gallery name is often the street address, as at 55 Mercer Street (between Broome and Grand). This is a co-op which opened in January 1970 during the period of maximum agitation by the Art Workers' Coalition against art dealers and other alleged villains. One of the demands was that "15 per cent and not more [of the value of an art work] may be given by the artist to his gallery to advertise and promote his work." Depriving dealers of the profit motive hardly seemed a way to improve the circulation of art, and the artists who founded 55 Mercer Street were not naively reformist in this way. Their action was a response to the wide dissatisfaction that the coalition expressed in a political way, but the co-op was conceived as an addition to the distribution system, not as an alternative to it. As such it continues today, with twenty-two members and two exhibition areas on the 3rd floor of a loft building.

There is no common aesthetic, and nonmembers can exhibit by invitation, as in September when Janet Alling and Rosemary Wright were shown. Alling exhibited a series of large flower and plant paintings; though the paintings were huge in scale, the expanded details of rubber tree plant or red-leaved coelus remained delicate and searching. Wright showed modular sculptures that racked out and took easy possession of the ample interior space. Currently, Jean Lindner, a member, is showing sculpture on the wall and floor; she uses polyethylene sheets, animated by vacuum-formed spots, wrinkles and islands, and by columns of bright beads and trails of thread. The organic and the picturesque support each other. (Picturesque is, incidentally, a precise term, meaning visually variegated surfaces, rough not smooth, busy not calm.) Her sense of informal spreading structure and of implied usage in the forms—like confronting the cushions or robes of a Martian—is poignant and sharp.

At 55 Mercer Street the artists handle their own exhibition arrangements entirely. The rent is $360 a month, which means that the twenty-two members usually pay about $16 a month. There is no gallery representative; if there are sales the artist deals with the client himself. Another co-op, A.I.R. (Artist in Residence), at 69 Wooster Street, between Spring and Prince, is less informal. The rent here is $350 a month and the average monthly dues are $21. A.I.R. has a full-time staff member so that the variable hours of opening at Mercer Street can be avoided. The purpose of this co-op is the advancement of women's art, and one half of the membership of twenty are showing in a group exhibition (until October 4).

The show includes a loose-jointed sculpture of planks, hinges, ropes and pulleys by Laurace James, which hangs from two points in the ceiling and is fixed at one point on the floor. The forms open out in consecutive steps, but the structure is clearly retractable; this hint of collapsibility functions as an equivalent of formal compactness. Nancy Spero shows one of her "Codex Artaud" series, in which a shred of human figures and a quotation from Artaud penetrate one another like a tattered battle standard and a speech balloon. Rachel bas-Cohain exhibits a water sculpture, with two whirlpools in a transparent box, an elegant diagram of forces.

Galleries run by artists are not the same as galleries run as businesses. Their purpose as a rule is introductory, bringing new artists to public attention. At one time it was done by writing and signing manifestoes, but confidence in that kind of statement has leaked away. The showing of work rather than constructing a theoretical framework for it has occupied artists who are, so to say, more interested in art than in modern art. In a co-op the artists select one another, which often results in a subtler set of correspondences between different works than when one outside person runs the whole show.

In the show at A.I.R. there are two persistent formal themes, not invariant but noticeable. In sculpture there is a frequent use of tied and suspended forms, in various degrees of flexibility and looseness. In painting there is a tendency toward synonymity of small forms. The latter could be seen as a characteristic of present art in "13 Women Artists," a cooperative exhibition held last spring at 117-119 Prince Street. This group was formed on a once-only basis, but in fact a second version of it under the title "New York Women Artists" can be seen in the Art Gallery of the State University of New York at Albany this month. Two of the artists in this show are in A.I.R. (Loretta Dunkelman and Patsy Norvell) and two others, sculptors, Alice Adams and Mary Miss, are due to show at 55 Mercer Street on October 14 and November 4 respectively. The pattern of such contacts and crossovers is a new factor in the New York art world, and amounts to a modification of the authority of dealers in favor of the decisions of artists, who are present not only at the initiation of their work but at its distribution also. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Eric Rohmer's Moral Tales do not become more engrossing as they succeed one another. *Chloe in the Afternoon*, the sixth, is more coarse-grained, less excitingly ambivalent, than either *My Night at Maud's* or *Claire's Knee*. Rohmer's preoccupying theme—seduction averted, or the devil defied—is as conducive to narrative invention as it is ancient, but, like other basic plots in the romancer's armory, it works to advantage only when the circumstances or the participants are shown to be exceptional. This time, Rohmer offers a standard demonstration of the theme and the result is more plausible than absorbing.

The fact is that I don't much care that Frederic (Bernard Verley) narrowly escapes being unfaithful to his wife and young family with Chloe (Zouzou), a girl of a certain age who reappears suddenly out of his bachelor past. Frederic, a rather self-concerned young man (as Rohmer's heroes tend to be), is perhaps as bright as he thinks himself and is evi-

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dently doing well in a profession that requires chic offices but is otherwise unspecified. He is proud of being in love with his wife (Françoise Verley), which is no great feat, considering that she is eminently desirable, but is ruefully aware that his amatory capacities are severely restricted by marriage. Frederic is a girl watcher.

Well and good, we all know the type; it is accident-prone in sexual encounters, particularly when the party of the second part is one of those intense emotional vagabonds who make a great show of playing the game according to alleged masculine rules (no promises; no regrets; expect me when you see me). I'm enough of a men's libber to resent seeing one of my fellows make an ass of himself in this familiar setup, but, alas, it happens all the time, and I would have been mildly surprised by Frederic's escape from the impending mess if I hadn't been aware of the template on which Rohmer shapes his tales. In this case, he gives his hero a saving streak of sheepishness and returns him purged but unsullied to a wife whose somewhat overwrought reaction to his unexpected arrival home, in midafternoon, at least suggests that she may have been toying with similar temptations.

Chloe in the Afternoon is a good-looking movie, and I spent a good deal of time looking at it, as with lagging hope I waited for Rohmer to develop some action, beyond mere thrust and parry, that might have required attention. It is well dressed, both as to sets and cast; it shows Paris to advantage and moves its characters smoothly through the streets, shops, cafés and public transportation. I liked the protective disapproval with which Frederic's female office staff observed Chloe's increasingly frequent visits; I was a little amused by his attempt to ward off the siren by patronizing her—he could as successfully have patronized an attack of the flu. I agree that Rohmer understands exactly how these awkward storms blow up in life; unfortunately, it is information that we share. I was disappointed in the film because I know what changes Rohmer can ring on the commonplace when he uses uncommon people for his purpose.

No nation has excelled Britain at guying its ruling class and entrenched institutions. Its stage and letters effervesce with eccentric lords, dim-witted justices and aborted fox hunts, and we others have applauded the ease and amiability with which the English have lampooned themselves. Actually, it was more amiable than remarkably admirable, for it was based on a self-assurance, not to say self-satisfaction, on which the sun never set. Take away those comfortable assumptions, and what do you get? Among other things, you get, instead of Alec Guinness in *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, Peter O'Toole in *The Ruling Class*. This film marks the dissolution of an illusion over which, for all his "Stately Homes of England," Noel Coward would never have consented to preside.

I would not attribute too much to the picture; it is not revolutionary, even to the degree that John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* was revolutionary some twenty years ago; rather, it is symptomatic. It tries to resuscitate the farce of empire as, in this country, we have tried to resuscitate the Western; it uses all the old devices, but turns them sick.

The 13th Earl of Gurney (Harry Andrews), clad in a cocked hat, full-dress jacket, sword and ballet skirt, has hanged himself. Vicarious hanging was a way that the 13th Earl, a member of the bench in sober life, found his pleasure, but this time the saving highstool evades his searching feet and the moment has come for the 14th Earl of Gurney to take his place among the peers of the realm.

The transition is not without embarrassment, because for some while the 14th Earl (O'Toole) has been indisposed —that is, locked up in a looney bin for believing that he is divine: "J.C.," he calls himself, "the God of Love," and refuses with alarming violence to answer to his own name, which is Jack (more on that in a moment). The young man's immediate relatives, Sir Charles and Lady Claire (William Mervyn and Coral Browne) are eager that he marry and produce an heir, to the end that they have him committed definitively and assume rule of the family as the infant's guardians (you will observe how traditional are all these developments).

The new Earl, who lolls on an elegantly crafted cross that now dominates that drawing room when he is not leading county ladies in an impromptu rendition of *The Varsity Drag* (O'Toole is a splendid dancer), does not impress one as a chap who would be much interested in girls; in any case, he insists that he has been wed to Marguerite Gautier. But Sir Charles, putting family avarice ahead of personal satisfactions, imports a little singer of his acquaintance (Carolyn Seymour) from London and she, by dressing in white and singing snatches from *Camille*, soon has the Earl at the altar, bedded and the father or o son, In that department, the Earl unexpectedly proves to be normal. (Alastair Sim, playing the bishop member of the Gurney family, unites the couple, but narrowly escapes death by chagrin from the experience of wedding the insane to the uncouth.)

I can't go on with this plot step by many a step, but the next turn is to spare young Gurney from a permanent return to bedlam by establishing his sanity.

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Draconian, indeed harrowing, means are used to persuade him that he is not "J.C., the God of Love"; the cure works to the extent that he is heard to declare himself Jack. The collateral Gurneys are nonplussed, but there is much rejoicing among those who wish the young man well, since for a time no one knows that Jack has merely switched identities and now fancies himself Jack the Ripper. He stabs to death his aunt, who has importuned him, and his wife, who has come to adore him, and when last seen is enjoying the plaudits of a senile House of Lords after delivering a maiden speech calling for the rehabilitation of the knout and gallows hill.

The point of all this, what makes it "sick," is that there is not a trace of whimsy in it. The 14th Earl of Gurney is not innocently gaga; he is as mad as Caligula, and O'Toole is an actor perfectly capable of showing you what that looks like. The picture is hilarious in stretches, charming at moments, but overall and in its implications it is as funny as the rack. *The Ruling Class* does not subject to ridicule personages and institutions whom basically it cherishes; it pillories what it despises and it is implacable.

It is also long-winded. As the actors and actresses mentioned above must have indicated, the cast is accomplished far above average. (There is also a fine performance by Arthur Lowe; he plays the old family retainer who, having been willed £30,000 by the tutu-swinging 13th Earl, turns alcoholic, reveals a lifetime dedication to Communist doctrine, and continues to serve the family with professional suavity now enlivened by abuse.) The scenario is cunningly meshed and smoothly oiled; the pace is rapid.

Yet the film tends to lose momentum and spin its wheels and that, I think, is because its director, Peter Medak, cannot let a good moment speak for itself. He telegraphs coming events most tiresomely and, once he gets an effect, cannot resist running it through again for any residual juice it may contain. He is prey to the camp fallacy that excess is wit, and he seems burdened by the importance of his vehicle's message (though this may be the fault of Peter Barnes, who adapted the film from his own play) to the extent that he is always ready to let it pause and comment on itself. I think also that he was a little unnerved by his prima donna team; a director cannot afford to give actors like O'Toole, Sim and Lowe much rope; they all have baskets of tricks and will stop any show to give out a few samples.

As a consequence of all these indulgences and pretensions, *The Ruling Class* runs 150 minutes. It would have run to better purpose in 120. But despite the slackness and elaborate redundancy, its schizophrenic tensions—now you laugh; now you'd better not—is compelling, and as an example of how at least some of the British feel about themselves, with Singapore gone and Heath in Downing Street, it is possibly a social document as well as being a queasy entertainment in uncertain times. □

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1458

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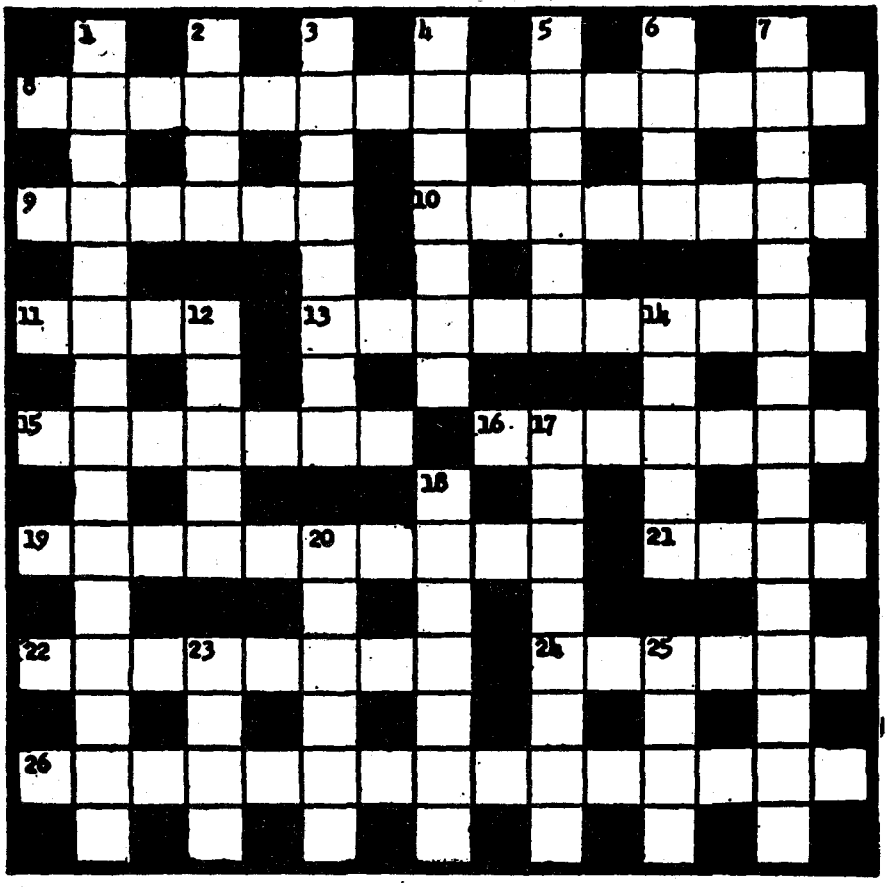

ACROSS

8 Lower class types that probably have only a highschool education? (7,8)
9 What might be used after a hair-raising experience at a fight. (6)
10 A rather awkward hopper in a dance, possibly. (8)
11 See 6 down
13 Entering as disguised trees? (10)
15 Obviously a supposed gentleman is queer! (7)
16 and 19 Bach's weren't patented as falling into the mortar and pestle or mortise and tenon category! (3-4,10)
21 People lose them when standing error makes a sound appearance. (4)
22 There's something quite familiar to the German traveler about Han, perhaps. (8)
24 Invest the equivalent? (6)
26 Lamb is associated with other meat which more properly calls for a dissertation upon it. (5,2,5,3)

DOWN

1 It's probably based on something other than a quick examination. (8,7)
2 Driver, perhaps, in a dark suit. (4)
3 Hardly a calming influence, but rather a restless movement to the right. (8)
4 See 7 down
5 He has his listeners at heart, but hardly would be expected to hold a live audience. (6)
6 and 11 across SPCA followers don't, with dogs. (8)
7 and 4 down We used to distinguish this as being red, but this is official. (7,8,2,5)
12 The U.S. was obviously shaken when he wrote *On the Beach*. (5)
14 The devil the Spanish incite? (5)
17 The sort of yawl seen in Middletown, Conn. (8)
18 Gets a monopoly, perhaps, like those who preserve beef. (7)
20 Instead of being only tempestuous, this dome was scandalous, and difficult to tape. (6)
23 Gulf caused when a female loses her head, being nothing to a male. (4)
25 How some things are learned that sound better penned. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1457

ACROSS: 1 and 9 Public opinion polls; 10 Electoral; 11 Yankees; 12 Air show; 13 Emend; 14 Dead March; 16 Defective; 18 Salem; 19 Outline; 21 Hardpan; 22 Leasehold; 23 Chino; 24 Electric organ. DOWN: 1 Poppyseed rolls; 2 and 20 Balance of trade; 3 Instead; 4 Opens; 5 Ice Palace; 6 Interim; 7 North; 8 Blow the Man Down; 14 Driven out; 15 Relapsing; 17 Chinese; 18 Sirocco; 21 Hadji.

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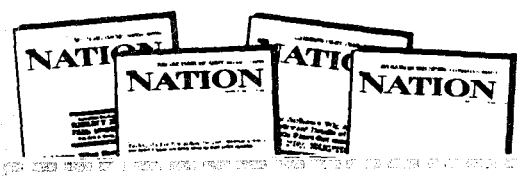

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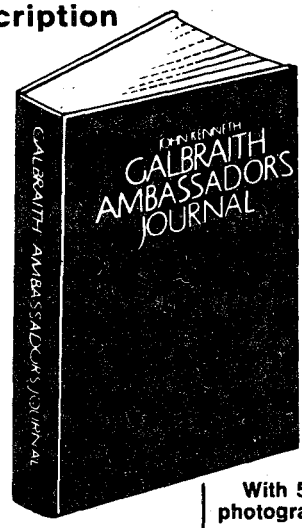

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